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WIT *without* **MONEY,**

N A M

COMEDY.

Written by

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A N D

Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.



L O N D O N,

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Valentine, *a Gallant that will not be perswaded to keep his Estate.*

Francisco, *his younger Brother.*

Master Lovegood, *their Uncle.*

A Merchant, *Friend to Master Lovegood.*

Fountain, } *Companions of Valentine, and Sutors to*
Bellamore, } *the Widow.*
Hairbrain, }

Lance, *a Falkner, and an ancient Servant to Valentine's Father.*

Shorthose, *the Clown, and Servant to the Widow.*

Roger, Ralph, and Humphry, *three Servants to the Widow.*

Three Servants.

Musicians.



W O M E N.

Lady Hartwel, *a Widow.*

Isabella, *her Sister.*

Luce, *a waiting Gentlewoman to the Widow.*

W I T

WIT *without* MONEY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Uncle and Merchant.

Mer. **W**HEN saw you *Valentine*?

Unc. Not since the Horse-race, he's taken up with those that woo the Widow.

Mer. How can he live by snatches from such People? he bore a worthy Mind.

Unc. Alas, he's sunk, his Means are gone, he wants, and which is worse,

Takes a delight in doing so.

Mer. That's strange.

Unc. Runs Lunatick, if you but talk of States, he cannot be brought, now he has spent his own, to think there's Inheritance or Means, but all a common Riches, all Men bound to be his Bailiffs.

Mer. This is something dangerous.

Unc. No Gentleman that has Estate to use it in keeping House, or Followers, for those ways he cries against, for Eating Sins, dull Surfeits, cramming of Serving-men, mustering of Beggars, maintaining Hospitals for Kites, and Curs, grounding their fat Faiths upon old Country Proverbs, ~~and~~ bless the Founders; these he would have ventur'd into more manly uses, Wit, and Carriage, and never thinks of State, or Means, the ground-works: Holding it monstrous, Men should feed their Bodies, and starve their Understandings.

Mer. That's most certain.

Unc. Yes, if he could stay there.

Mer. Why let him marry, and that way rise again.

Unc. It's most impossible, he will not look with any handsomeness upon a Woman.

Wit without Money.

4 *Mer.* Is he so strange to Women?

Unc. I know not what it is, a foolish Glory
He has got, ~~to know not when, to balk those benefits,~~
And yet he will converse and flatter 'em,
Make 'em, or fair, or foul, rugged, or smooth,
As his Impression serves, for he affirms,
They are only lumps, and undigested pieces,
Lickt over to a Form by our Affections,
And then they show. The Lovers, let 'em pass.

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Hairbrain.

Mer. He might be one, he carries as much Promise;
They are wondrous merry.

Unc. O their hopes are high, Sir.

Fount. Is *Valentine* come to Town?

Bel. Last night, I heard.

Fount. We miss him monstrously in our Directions, for this Widow is as stately, and as crafty, and stands I warrant you——

Hair. Let her stand sure, she falls before us else.

Come let's go seek *Valentine*.

Mer. This Widow seems a Gallant.

Unc. A goodly Woman, and to her Handsomness she bears her State reserved, and great Fortune has made her Mistress of a full means, and well she knows to use it.

Mer. I would *Valentine* had her.

Unc. There's no hope of that, Sir,

Mer. O' that Condition, he had his Mortgage in again.

Unc. I would he had.

Mer. Seek means, and see what I'll do,
However, let the Money be paid in,
I never sought a Gentleman's undoing,
Nor eat the Bread of other Men's vexations,
You told me of another Brother.

Unc. Yes Sir, more miserable than he, for he has eat him, and drunk him up, a handsome Gentleman, and a fine Scholar.

Enter three Tenants. & Lance

Mer. What are these?

Unc. The Tenants, they'll do what they can.

Mer. It is well prepared; be earnest, honest Friends, and loud upon him, he is deaf to his own good.

Lance. We mean to tell him part of our Minds, an't please you.

Mer. Do, and do it home, and in what my care may help, or my Perswasions, when we meet next.

Unc. Do but perswade him fairly; and for your Money, mine, and these Men's Thanks too, and what we can be able.

Mer. You're most honest, you shall find me no less, and so I leave you, prosper your Business, my Friends.

[*Ex. Mer.*
Unc.

Unc. Pray Heav'n it may, Sir.

Lance. Nay if he will be mad, I'll be mad with him, and tell him that I'll not spare him, his Father kept good Meat, good Drink, good Fellows, good Hawks, good Hounds, and bid his Neighbours welcome; kept him too, and supplied his Prodigality, yet kept his State still; must we turn Tenants now, after we have lived under the Race of Gentry, and maintained good Yeomantry, to some of the City, to a great Shoulder of Mutton and a Custard, and have our State turned into Cabbage Gardens, must it be so?

Unc. You must be milder to him.

Lance. That's as he makes his Game.

Unc. Intreat him lovingly, and make him feel.

Lance. I'll pinch him to the Bones else.

[*Val. within.*] And tell the Gentleman, I'll be with him presently, say I want Mony too, I must not fail, Boy.

Lance. You'll want Cloaths, I hope.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Bid the young Courtier repair to me anon; I'll read to him.

Unc. He comes, be diligent, but not too rugged, start him, but affright him not.

Val. Phew, are you there?

Unc. We come to see you, Nephew, be not angry.

Val. Why do you dog methus, with these strange People? Why, all the World shall never make me rich more, nor Master of these Troubles.

Ten. We beseech you for our poor Childrens sake.

Val. Who bid you get 'em? Have you not threshing work enough, but Children must be bang'd out o'th' Sheaf too? Other Men with all their Delicates, and healthful Diets, can get but Wind Eggs: You with a Clove of Garlick, a piece of Cheese would break a Saw, and four Milk, can mount like Stallions, and I must maintain these Tumblers.

Lance. You ought to maintain us, we have maintain'd you, and when you slept provided for you; who bought the Silk you wear? I think our Labours; reckon, you'll find it so: Who found your Horses perpetual pots of Ale, maintain'd your Taverns, and who extoll'd you in the Half-crown Boxes, where you might sit and muster all the Beauties; we had no hand in these; no, we are all Puppies?

Your Tenants, base vexations.

Val. Very well, Sir.

Lance. Had you Land, Sir, and honest Men to serve your Purposes, honest and faithful, and will you run away from 'em, betray your self, and your poor Tribe to misery; Mortgage all us, like old Cloaks; where will you hunt next? You had a thousand Acres, fair and open: The Kings-bench is enclos'd, there's no good riding,

The

Wit without Money.

The Counter is full of Thorns and Brakes, take heed, Sir, and Bogs, you'll quickly find what Broth they're made of.

Val. You're short and pithy.

Lance. They say you're a fine Gentleman, and of excellent Judgment, they report you have a Wit; keep your self out o'th' Rain, and take your Cloak with you, which by interpretation is your State, Sir, or I shall think your Fame belied you; you have Mony, and may have Means.

Val. I prithce leave prating, does my good lye within thy Brain to further, or my undoing in thy Pity? Go, go, get you home, there whistle to your Horses, and let them edifie; away, sow Hemp to hang your selves withal: what am I to you, or you to me; am I your Landlord, Puppies?

Unc. This is uncivil.

Val. More unmerciful you, to vex me with these Bacon Broth and Puddings, they are the walking shapes of all my Sorrows.

3 Ten. Your Father's Worship would have us'd us better.

Val. My Father's Worship was a Fool.

Lance. Hey, hey Boys, old *Valentine* i' faith, the old Boy still.

Unc. Fie, Cousin.

Val. I mean besotted to his State, he had never left me the misery of so much Means else, which till I sold, was a meer meagrim to me. If you will talk, turn out these Tenants, they are as killing to my Nature, Uncle, as Water to a Feaver.

Lance. We will go, but it is like Rams, to come again the stronger, and you shall keep your State.

Val. Thou lye'st, I will not.

Lance. Sweet Sir, thou lye'st, thou shalt, and so good morrow.

[*Exeunt Tenants.*]

Val. This was my Man, and of a noble breeding: Now to your business, Uncle.

Unc. To your State then.

Val. 'Tis gone, and I am glad on't, name it no more, 'tis that I pray against, and Heav'n has heard me: I tell you, Sir, I am more fearful of it, I mean, of thinking of more Lands, or Livings, than sickly Men are travelling o' *Sundays*, for being quell'd with Carriers; out upon't, *caveat emptor*, let the Tool out-sweat it, that thinks he has got a catch on't.

Unc. This is Madness to be a wilful Beggar.

Val. I am mad then, and so I mean to be, will that content you?

How bravely now I live, how jocund, how near the first Inheritance without fears, how free from title-troubles!

Unc. And from Means too.

Val. Means? Why all Good Men's my Means; my Wit's my Plow, the Town's my Stock, Tavern's my Standing-house, and all the World knows there's no want; all Gentlemen that love Society, love me; all Purfes that Wit and Pleasure opens, are my Tenants; every

every Man's Cloaths fit me, the next fair Lodging is but my next Remove, and when I please to be more eminent, and take the Air, a Piece is levied, and a Coach prepared, and I go I care not whither; what need State here?

Unc. But say these means were honest, will they last, Sir?

Val. Far longer than your Jerkin, and wear fairer, should I take ought of you, 'tis true, I beg'd now, or which is worse than that, I stole a kindness, and which is worst of all, I lost my way in't; your Mind's enclos'd, nothing lies open nobly, your very Thoughts are Hinds that work on nothing but daily sweat and trouble: Were my way so full of Dirt as this, 'tis true I'd shift it; are my Acquaintance Graspers? But, Sir, know, no Man that I am allied to, in my living, but makes it equal, whether his own use, or my necessity pull first; nor is this forc'd, but the meer quality and poisure of Goodness, and do you think I venture nothing equal?

Unc. You pose me, Cousin.

Val. What's my Knowledge, Uncle, is't not worth Money? What's my Understanding, Travel, Reading, Wit, all these digested, my daily making Men, some to speak, that too much Flegm had frozen up; some that spoke too much, to hold their Peace, and put their Tongues to Pensions: some to wear their Cloaths, and some to keep 'em, these are nothing Uncle; besides these ways, to teach the way of Nature, a manly love, Community to all that are deservers, not examining how much, or what's done for them, 'tis wicked, and such a one like you, chews his Thoughts double, making 'em only Food for his Repentance.

Enter two Servants.

1 Ser. This Cloak and Hat, Sir, and thy Master's Love.

Val. Commend's to thy Master, and take that, and leave 'em at my Lodging.

1 Ser. I shall do it, Sir.

Val. I do not think of these things.

2 Ser. Please you Sir, I have Gold here for you.

Val. Give it me, drink that and commend me to thy Master; look you, Uncle, do I beg these?

Unc. No sure, 'tis your worth, Sir.

Val. 'Tis like enough, but pray satisfy me, are not these ways as honest as persecuting the starved Inheritance, with musty Corn, the very Rats were fain to run away from, or selling rotten wood by the Pound, like Spices, which Gentlemen do after burn by the Ounces? Do not I know your way of feeding Beasts with Grains, and windy stuff, to blow up Butchers? your racking Pastures, that have eaten up as many singing Shepherds, and their Issues, as *Andaluzia* breeds? These are authentick, I tell you, Sir, I would not change ways with you, unless it were to sell your State that hour,
and

and if it were possible to spend it then too, for all your Beans in *Rumnillo*; now you know me.

Unc. I wou'd you knew your self, but since you are grown such a strange Enemy to all that fits you, give me leave to make your Brother's Fortune.

Val. How?

Unc. From your Mortgage, which yet you may recover, I'll find the means.

Val. Pray save your labour, Sir, my Brother and my self will run one Fortune, and I think what I hold a meer vexation, cannot be safe for him; I love him better, he has Wit at will, the World has Means, he shall live without this trick of State, we are Heirs both, and all the World before us.

Unc. My last Offer, and then I am gone.

Val. What is't, and then I'll answer.

Unc. What think you of a Wife yet to restore you, and tell me seriously without these trifles.

Val. An you can find one that can please my Fancy, you shall not find me stubborn.

Unc. Speak your Woman.

Val. One without Eyes, that is, Self-commendations, for when they find they are handsome, they are unwholsome; one without Ears, not giving time to Flatterers, for she that hears herself commended, wavers and points Men out a way to make 'em wicked; one without Substance of her self; that Woman without the pleasure of her Life, that's wanton; though she be young, forgetting it, though fair, making her Glas the Eyes of honest Men, not her own Admiration, all her ends Obedience, all her hours new Blessings, if there may be such a Woman.

Unc. Yes there may be.

Val. And without State too.

Unc. You are dispos'd to trifle; well, fare you well, Sir, when you want me next, you'll seek me out a better sense.

Val. Farewel, Uncle, and as you love your Estate, let me not hear on't. [Exit.]

Unc. It shall not trouble you. I'll watch him still, And when his Friends fall off, then bend his Will. [Exit.]

Enter Isabella, and Luce.

Luce. I know the cause of this sadness now, your Sister has ingroft all the brave Lovers.

Isab. She has wherewithal, much good may't do her, prithee speak softly, we are open to Men's Ears.

Luce. Fear not, we are safe, we may see all that pass, hear all, and make our selves merry with their Language, and yet stand undiscover'd; be not melancholy, you are as fair as she.

Isab.

Isab. Who I? I thank you, I am as haste ordained me, ~~asking~~
~~asked~~ ~~my Sister~~ ~~and~~ ~~myself~~, a Woman of a Pre-
sence, she spreads Sattins, as the King's Ships do Canvasevery where,
she may spare me her Misen, and her Bonnets, strike her main Pet-
ticoat, and yet outfail me, I am a Carvel to her.

Luce. But a tight one.

Isab. She is excellent, well built too.

Luce. And yet she's old.

Isab. She never saw above one Voyage, *Luce*, and credit me,
after another her Hull will serve again, a right good Merchant:
She plays, and sings too, dances and discourses, comes very near
Essays, a pretty Poet, begins to piddle with Philosophy, a subtile
Chymick Wench, and can extract the Spirit of Mens Estates, she
has the Light before her, and cannot miss her choice; for me, 'tis
reason I wait my mean Fortune.

Luce. You are so bashful.

Isab. It is not at first word up and ride, thou art cozen'd, that
would shew mad i' faith: Besides, we lose the main part of our po-
litick Government, if we become Provokers; then we are fair, and
fit for Mens Embraces, when like Towns, they lie before us Ages,
yet not carried, hold out their strongest Batteries, then compound
too without the Loss of Honour, and march off with our fair Wed-
ding Colours flying. Who are these?

Enter Francisco and Lance.

Luce. I know not, nor I care not.

Isab. Prithee peace then, a well built Gentleman.

Luce. But poorly thatcht.

Lance. Has he devour'd you too?

Fran. Has gulp'd me down, *Lance*.

Lance. Left you no Means to study?

Fran. Not a Farthing: Dispatch my poor Annuity, I thank him,
here's all the hope I have left, one bare ten Shillings.

Lance. You are fit for great Mens Services.

Fran. I am fit, but who'll take me thus? Mens miseries are now
accounted stains in their Natures. I have travelled, and I have stu-
died long, observed all Kingdoms, know all the Promises of Art
and Manners, yet that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter, I shall
not thrive, all these are but vain Studies; art thou so rich as to get
me a Lodging, *Lance*?

Lance. I'll sell the Tiles of my House else, my Horse, my Hawk,
nays'death I'll pawn my Wife: Oh Mr. *Francis*, that I should see
your Father's House fall thus!

Isab. An honest Fellow.

(Name!

Lance. Your Father's House, that fed me, that bred up all my

Isab. A grateful Fellow.

Lance. And fall by——

B

Fran.

Franc. Peace, I know you are angry, *Lance*, but I must not hear with whom, he is my Brother, and ~~and~~ you hold him tight, my most dear Brother: A Gentleman, excepting some few rubs, he were too excellent to live here else, fraughted as deep with noble and brave Parts, the issues of a noble and manly Spirit, as any he alive. I must not hear you, though I am miserable, and he made me so, yet still he is my Brother, still I love him, and to that tie of Blood link my Affections.

Isab. A noble Nature! dost thou know him, *Luce*?

Luce. No, Mistress.

Isab. Thou shoud'st ever know such good Men; what a fair Body and Mind are married! Did he not say he wanted?

Luce. What's that to you?

Isab. 'Tis true, but 'tis great pity.

Luce. How she changes! ten thousand more than he, as handsome Men too.

Isab. 'Tis like enough, but as I live, this Gentleman among ten thousand thousand! Is there no knowing him? why shoud he want? Fellows of no merit, slight and puffed Souls, that walk like Shadows, by leaving no print of what they are, or poise, let them complain.

Luce. Her Colour changes strangely.

Isab. This Man was made, to mark his wants to waken us; alas poor Gentleman, but will that keep him from cold and hunger? believe me he is well-bred, and cannot be but of a noble Lineage, mark him, mark him well.

Luce. 'Is handsome Man.

Isab. The sweetness of his sufferance sets him off, O *Luce*, but whether go I?

Luce. You cannot hide it.

Isab. I wou'd he had what I can spare.

Luce. 'Tis charitable.

Lance. Come Sir, I'll see you lodg'd, you have tied my Tongue fast. I'll steal before you want, 'tis but a hanging.

Isab. That's a good Fellow too, an honest Fellow; why, this wou'd move a Stone, I must needs know; but that some other time.

[*Exe. Lance, and Francisco.*]

Luce. Is the Wind there? That makes for me.

Isab. Come, I forgot a business.

[*Exeunt*]

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Widow, and Luce.

Wid. **M**Y Sister, and a Woman of so base a Pity! what was the Fellow?

Luce. Why, an ordinary Man, Madam.

Wid. Poor?

Luce. Poor enough, and no Man knows from whence neither.

Wid. What could she see?

Luce. Only his Misery, for else she might behold a hundred handsomer.

Wid. Did she change much?

Luce. Extreemly, when he spoke, and then her Pity, like an Orator, I fear her Love fram'd such a Commendation, and followed it so far, as made me wonder.

Wid. Is she so hot, or such a want of Lovers, that she must doat upon Afflictions? Why does she not go romage all the Prisons, and there bestow her Youth, bewray her Wantonness, and flie her Honour, common both to Beggary. Did she speak to him?

Luce. No, he saw us not, but ever since she hath been mainly troubled.

Wid. Was he young?

Luce. Yes, young enough.

Wid. And look'd he like a Gentleman?

Luce. Like such a Gentleman, that wou'd pawn ten Oaths for twelve Pence.

Wid. My Sister, and sink basely! this must not be; does she use means to know him?

Luce. Yes Madam, and has employ'd a Squire called *Shorthose*.

Wid. O that's a precious Knave: Keep all this private, but still be near her Lodging: *Luce*, what you can gather by any means, let me understand: I'll stop her hear, and turn her Charity another way, to bless her self first; be still close to her Counsels; a Beggar and a Stranger! There's a blessedness! I'll none of that; I have a Toy yet, Sister, shall tell you this is foul, and make you find it; and for your pains take you the last Gown I wore; this makes me mad, but I shall force a Remedy. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Hairbrain, and Valentine.

Fount. Sirrah, we have so lookt for thee, and long'd for thee; this Widow is the strangest thing, the stateliest, and stands so much upon her Excellencies.

Bel. She hath put us off, this Month now, for an Answer.

Hair. No Man must visit her, nor look upon her, no, not say, Good morrow, or good even, till that's past.

Val. She has found what Dough you are made of, and so kneads you: Are you good at nothing, but these after-games? I have told you often enough what things they are, what precious things, these Widows—

Hair. If we had 'em.

Val. Why the Devil has not craft enough to woo 'em; there be three kinds of Fools, mark this Note, Gentlemen, mark it, and understand it:

Fount. Well, go forward,

Val. An Innocent, a Knave Fool, a Fool Politick:
The last of which are Lovers, Widow Lovers.

Bel. Will you allow no Fortune?

Val. No such blind one.

Fount. We gave you Reasons, why 'twas needful for us.

Val. As you are those Fools, I did allow those Reasons, but as my Scholars and Companions damn'd 'em: Do you know what it is to woo a Widow? Answer me coolly now, and understandingly.

Hair. Why, to lie with her, and to enjoy her Wealth.

Val. Why there you are Fools still, crafty to catch your selves, pure politick Fools, I lookt for such an Answer; once more hear me, it is, to wed a Widow, to be doubted mainly, whether the state you have be yours or no, -or those old Boots you ride in. Mark me, Widows are long extents in Law upon News, livings upon their Bodies Winding-sheets, they that enjoy 'em, lie but with dead Mens Monuments, and beget only their own ill Epitaphs: Is not this plain now?

Bel. Plain spoken.

Val. And plain Truth; but if you'll needs do things of danger, do but lose your selves, not any part concerns your Understandings, for then you are Meacocks, Fools, and Miserable, march off amain, within an Inch of a Fircug, turn me o'th' toe like a Weathercock, kill every day a Serjeant for a twelve Month, rob the Exchequer, and burn all the Rolls, and these will make a shew.

Hair. And these are trifles.

Val. Consider'd to a Widow, empty nothings; for here you venture but your Persons, there the varnish of your Persons, your Discretions; why, 'tis a monstrous thing to marry at all, especially as now 'tis made; methinks a Man, an understanding Man, is more wise to me, and of a nobler tie, than all these trinkets; what do we get by Women, but our Senses, which is the rankest part about us, satisfied, and when that's done, what are we? Crest-fall'n Cowards. What benefit can Children be, but Charges and Disobedience? What's the love they render at one and twenty years? I pray die, Father: When they are young, they are like Bells rung backwards, nothing but noise and giddiness; and come to years once, there drops a Son by th' Sword in his Mistress's quarrel, a
great

great joy to his Parents: A Daughter ripe too, grows high and lusty in her Blood, must have a heating, runs away with a supple ham'd Serving Man: His twenty Nobles spent, takes to a Trade, and learns to spin Mens Hair off; there's another, and most are of this Nature; will you marry?

Fount. For my part yes, for any doubt I feel yet.

Val. And this same Widow?

Fount. If I may, and methinks, however you are pleas'd to dispute these Dangers, such a warm match, and for you, Sir, were not hurtful.

Val. Not half so killing as for you; for me, she cannot with all the Art she has, make me more miserable, or much more fortunate; I have no State left, a benefit that none of you can brag of, and there's the Antidote against a Widow, nothing to lose, but that my Soul inherits, which she can neither law nor claw away; to that, but little Flesh, it were too much else; and that unwholsom too, it were too rich else; and to all this, Contempt of what she do's. I can laugh at her Tears, neglect her Angers, hear her without a Faith, so pity her as if she were a Traytor, moan her Person, but deadly hate her Pride; if you cou'd do these, and had but this Discretion, and like Fortune, it were but an equal venture.

Fount. This is Malice.

Val. When she lies with your Land, and not with you, grows great with Joyntures, and is brought to Bed with all the State you have, you'll find this certain; but is it come to pass you must Marry, is there no buff will hold you?

Bel. Grant it be so.

Val. Then chuse the tamer evil, take a Maid, a Maid not worth a Penny; make her yours, knead her, and mould her yours, a Maid worth nothing, there's a virtuous Spell in that word Nothing; a Maid makes Conscience of half a Crown a week for Pins and Puppets, a Maid will be content with one Coach and two Horses, not falling out because they are not matches; with one Man satisfied, with one Rein guided, with one Faith, one Content, one Bed, aged she makes the Wife, preserves the Fame and Issue; a Widow is a Christmas Box that sweeps all.

Fount. Yet all this cannot sink us.

Val. You are my Friends, and all my loving Friends, I spend your Mony, yet I deserve it too; you are my Friends still, I ride your Horses, when I want I sell 'em; I eat your Meat, help to wear your Linnen, sometimes I make you drunk, and then you seal, for which I'll do you this Commodity; be rul'd, and let me try her, I will discover her, the truth is, I will never leave to trouble her, till I see through her, then if I find her worthy.

Hair. This was our meaning, *Valentine.*

Val

Val. 'Tis done then, I must want nothing.

Hair. Nothing but the Woman.

Val. No Jealousie; for when I marry, the Devil must be wiser than I take him; and the Flesh foolisher. Come let's to Dinner, and when I am well whetted with Wine, have at her. [Exe.

Enter Isabella, and Luce.

Isab. But art thou sure?

Luce. No surer than I heard.

Isab. That it was that flouting Fellow's Brother?

Luce. Yes, *Shoribose* told me so.

Isab. He did search out the truth?

Luce. It seems he did.

Isab. Prethee *Luce* call him hither; if he be no worse, I never repent my pity. Now *Sirrah*, what was he we sent you after, the Gentleman i' th' black?

Enter Shorthose.

Short. I' th' torn black?

Isab. Yes, the same Sir.

Short. What wou'd your Worship with him?

Isab. Why, my Worship wou'd know his Name, and what he is.

Short. 'Is nothing, he is a Man, and yet he is no Man.

Isab. You must needs play the Fool.

Short. 'Tis my profession.

Isab. How is he a Man, and no Man?

Short. He's a Beggar, only the sign of a Man, the Bush pull'd down, which shows the House stands empty.

Isab. What's his Calling?

Short. They call him Beggar.

Isab. What's his Kindred?

Short. Beggars.

Isab. His Worth?

Short. A learned Beggar, a poor Scholar.

Isab. How does he live?

Short. Like Worms, he eats old Books.

Isab. Is *Valentine* his Brother?

Short. His begging Brother.

Isab. What may his Name be?

Short. Orson.

Isab. Leave your fooling.

Short. You had as good say, leave your living.

Isab. Once more tell me his Name directly.

Short. I'll be hang'd first, unless I heard him Christned, but I can tell what foolish People call him.

Isab. What?

Short. *Francisco*.

Isab. Where lies this Learning, Sir?

Short. In *Pauls Church-yard Forsooth*.

Isab.

Ifab. I mean the Gentleman, Fool.

Short. O that Fool, he lies in loose Sheets every where, that's no where.

Luce. You have glean'd since you came to *London*: In the Country, *Shortbosc*, you were an arrant Fool, a dull cold Coxcomb; here every Tavern teaches you, the Pint-Pot has so belabour'd you with Wit, your brave Acquaintance that gives you Ale, so fortified your Mazard, that now there's no talking to you.

Ifab. 'Is much improv'd, a Fellow, a fine Discourser.

Short. I hope so, I have not waited at the tail of Wit so long to be an Ass.

Luce. But say now, *Shortbosc*, my Lady shou'd remove into the Country.

Short. I had as lieve she should remove to Heav'n, and as soon I would undertake to follow her.

Luce. Where no old Charnico is, nor no Anchovies, nor Master such-a-one, to meet at the Rose, and bring my Lady such-a-ones chief Chamber-maid.

Ifab. No bouncing Healths to this brave Lad, dear *Shortbosc*, nor down o'th' knees to that illustrious Lady.

Luce. No Fiddles, nor no lusty noise of Drawer, carry this pottle to my Father *Shortbosc*.

Ifab. No Plays, nor Gally Foists, no strange Embassadors to run and wonder at, till thou bee'st Oyl, and then come home again, and lye by th' Legend.

Luce. Say she shou'd go.

Short. If I say, I'll be hang'd, or if I thought she wou'd go.

Luce. What? *Short.* I would go with her.

Luce. But *Shortbosc*, where thy Heart is?

Ifab. Do not fright him.

Luce. By this Hand Mistress 'tis a Noise, a loud one too, and from her own Mouth, presently to be gone too, but why, or to what end?

Short. May nota Man die first? She'll give him so much time.

Ifab. Gone o'th' sudden? Thou dost but jest she must not mock the Gentlemen.

Luce. She has put them off a Month, they dare not see her, believe me Mistress, what I hear I tell you.

Ifab. Is this true, Wench? Gone on so short a warning! What trick is this? She never told me of it, it must not be; Sirrah, attend me presently, you know I have been a careful Friend unto you, attend me in the Hall, and next be faithful, cry not, we shall not go.

Short. Her Coach may crack.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Valentine, Francisco, and Lance.

Val. Which way to live! How darest thou come to Town to ask such an idle question?

Fran.

Fran. Methinks 'tis necessary, unless you cou'd restore that Annuity you have tipl'd up in Taverns.

Val. Where hast thou been, and how brought up *Francisco*, that thou talk'st thus out of *France*? Thou wert a pretty Fellow, and of a handfom Knowledge; who has spoiled thee?

Lance. He that has spoil'd himself, to make him Sport, and by Copy, will spoil all comes near him: Buy but a Glas, if you be yet so wealthy, and look there who.

Val. Well said, old Copihold.

Lance. My Heart's good Freehold, Sir, and so you'll find it; this Gentleman's your Brother, your hopeful Brother, for there is no hope of you, use him thereafter.

Val. E'en as well as I use my self; what woud'st thou have, *Frank*?

Fran. Can you procure me a hundred Pound?

Lance. Hark what he says to you, O try your Wits, they say you are excellent at it, for your Land has lain long Bed-rid, and unsensible.

Fran. And I'll forget all wrongs; you see my State, and to what wretchedness your will has brought me; but what it may be, by this Benefit, if timely done, and like a noble Brother, both you and I may feel, and to our Comforts.

Val. A hundred Pound! dost thou know what thou hast said, Boy?

Fran. I said a hundred Pound.

Val. Thou hast said more than any Man can justifie, believe it. Procure a hundred Pounds! I say to thee there's no such Sum in Nature, forty Shillings there may be now i'th' Mint, and that's a Treasure; I have seen five Pound, but let me tell it, and 'tis as wonderful as Calves with five Legs; here's five Shillings, *Frank*, the harvest of five Weeks, and a good Crop too, take it, and pay thy first Fruits, I'll come down and eat it out.

Fran. 'Tis Patience must meet with you Sir, not Love.

Lance. Deal roundly, and leave these fiddle faddles.

Val. Leave thy prating, thou thinkest thou art a notable wise Fellow, thou and thy rotten Sparrow Hawk; two of the reverent.

Lance. I think you are mad, or if you be not, will be, with the next Moon; what woud you have him do?

Val. How?

Lance. To get Money first, that's to live, you have shew'd him how to want.

Val. 'Slife how do I live? why, what dull Fool woud ask that Question? three hundred three pilds more, ay and live bravely: The better half o'th' Town live most gloriously, and ask them what States they have, or what Annuities, or when they pray for, seasonable Harvests: Thou hast a handsome Wit, stir into the World *Frank*, stir, stir for shame, thou art a pretty Scholar: Ask how to live?

live? write, write, write any thing, the World's a fine believing World, write News.

Lance. Dragons in *Sussex*, Sir, or fiery Battels seen in the Air at *Aspurge*.

Val. There's the way *Frank*, and in the tail of these, fright me the Kingdom, with a sharp Prognostication, that shall scowr them, Dearth upon Dearth like leven Taffaties, Predictions of Sea-breaches, Wars, and want of Herrings on our Coast, with bloody No-fes.

Lance. Whirl-winds, that shall take off the top of *Grantsbam* Steeple, and clap it on *Pauls*, and after these, a Lenvoy to the City for their Sins.

Val. *Probatum est*, thou canst not want a Pension, go switch me up a Covey of young Scholars, there's twenty Nobles, and two loads of Coals, are not these ready ways? Cosmography thou art deeply read in, draw me a Map from the Mermaid, I mean a Mid-night Map to scape the Watches, and such long senseless Examinations, and Gentlemen shall feed thee, right good Gentlemen: I cannot stay long.

Lance. You have read learnedly, and wou'd you have him follow these *Mege*'s? did you begin with Ballads?

Fran. Well, I will leave you, I see my Wants are grown ridiculous, yours may be so, I will not curse you neither; you may think, when these wanton Fits are over, who bred me, and who ruin'd me; look to your self, Sir, a Providence I wait on.

Val. Thou art passionate, hast thou been brought up with Girls?

Enter Shorthose with a Bag.

Short. Rest you merry, Gentlemen.

Val. Not so merry as you suppose, Sir.

Short. Pray stay a while, and let me take a View of you, I may put my Spoon into the wrong Pottage-pot else.

Val. Why, wilt thou muster us?

Short. No, you are not he, you are a Thought too handsome.

Lance. Who wou'dst thou speak withal, why dost thou peep so?

Short. I am looking Birds nests, I can find none in your Bush-beard. I wou'd speak with you, black Gentleman.

Fran. With me, my Friend?

Short. Yes sure, and the best Friend, Sir, it seems, you spake withal this Twelve-Month, Gentleman, there's Mony for you.

Val. How?

Short. There's none for you, Sir, be not so brief, not a penny; law how he itches at it; stand off, you stir my Choler.

Lance. Take it, 'tis Mony.

Short. You are too quick too, first be sure you have it, you seem to be a Faulkoner, but a foolish one.

Lance. Take it, and say nothing.

Short. You are cozen'd too, 'tis take it, and spend it.

Fran. From whom came it, Sir?

Short. Such another word, and you shall none on't.

Fran. I thank you, Sir, I doubly thank you.

Short. Well, Sir, then buy you better Cloaths, and get your Hat drest, and your Laundress to wash your Boots white.

Fran. Pray stay, Sir, may you not be mistaken?

Short. I think I am, give me the Money again, come quick, quick, quick.

Fran. I wou'd be loth render, till I am sure it be so.

Short. Hark in your Ear, is not your Name *Francisco*?

Fran. Yes.

Short. Be quiet then, it may thunder a hundred times, before such Stones fall: Do you not need it? *Fran.* Yes.

Short. And 'tis thought you have it.

Fran. I think I have.

Short. Then hold it fast, 'tis not flie-blown, you may pay for the Poundage, you forget your self, I have not seen a Gentleman so backward, a wanting Gentleman.

Fran. Your Mercy, Sir.

Short. Friend, you have Mercy, a whole Bag full of Mercy, be merry with it, and be wise.

Fran. I wou'd fain, if it please you, but know——

Short. It does not please me, tell over your Money, and be not mad, Boy.

Val. You have no more such Bags?

Short. More such there are, Sir, but few I fearr for ou, I have cast your Water, you have Wit, you need no Mony. [*Exit.*]

Lance. Be not amaz'd, Sir, 'tis good Gold, good old Gold, this is Restorative, and in good time, it comes to do you good, keep it and use it, let honest Fingers feel it, yours be too quick, Sir.

Fran. He nam'd me, and he gave it me, but from whom?

Lance. Let 'em send more, and then examine it, this can be but a Preface.

Fran. Being a Stranger, of whom can I deserve this?

Lance. Sir, of any Man that has but Eyes, and manly Understanding to find Mens wants, good Men are bound to do so.

Val. Now you see, *Frank*, there are more ways than Certainities, now you believe: What Plow brought you this Harvest, what sale of Timber, Coals, or what Annuities? These feed no Hinds, nor wait the Expectation of Quarter-days, you see it showers in to you, you are an Ass, lie plodding and lie fooling, about this Blazing Star, and that boopeep, whining, and fasting, to find the natural Reason why a Dog turns twice about before he lie down, what use of these, or what joy in Annuities, where every Man's thy study, and thy Tenant, I am asham'd on thee.

Lance;

Lance. Yes, I have seen this Fellow, there's a wealthy Widow hard by.

Val. Yes, marry is there.

Lance. I think he's her Servant, or I am cozen'd else, I am sure on't.

Fran. I am glad on't.

Lance. She's a good Woman.

Fran. I am gladder.

Lance. And young enough, believe.

Fran. I am gladder of all, Sir.

Val. Frank, you shall lye with me soon.

Fran. I thank my Mony.

Lance. His Mony shall lye with me, three in a Bed, Sir, will be too much this weather.

Val. Meet me at the *Mermaid*, and thou shalt see what things—

Lance. Trust to your self, Sir.

[*Exeunt Fran. and Lance.*]

Enter Fountain, and Bellamore,

Fount. O *Valentine*!

Val. How now, why do you look so?

Bel. The Widow's going, Man.

Val. Why let her go, Man.

Hair. She's going out o'th' Town.

Val. The Town's happier, I wou'd they were all gone!

Fount. We cannot come to speak with her.

Val. Not to speak to her?

Bel. She will be gone within this hour, either now *Val.*

Fount. Hair. Now, now, now, good *Valentine*.

Val. I had rather march i'th' mouth o'th' Cannon; but adieu, if she be above ground, go, away to your Prayers, away I say, away, she shall be spoken withal.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Shorthose with one Boot on, Roger, and Humphry.

Rog. She will go, *Shorthose*.

Short. Who can help it, *Roger*?

Ralph. [within.] Help down with the Hangings.

Rog. By and by *Ralph*, I am making up o'th' Trunks here.

Ralph. Shorthose.

Short. Well.

Ralph. Who looks to my Lady's Wardrobe? *Humphry*.

Hum. Here.

Ralph. Down with the Boxes in the Gallery, and bring away the Coach Cushions.

Short. Will it not rain, no conjuring abroad, nor no devices to stop this Journey?

Rog. Why go now, why now, why o'th' sudden now? what Preparation, what Horses have we ready, what Provision laid i'th' Country?

Hum. Not an Egg, I hope.

Rog. No nor one drop of good Drink Boys, there's the Devil.

Short. I heartily pray the Malt be musty, and then we must come up again.

Hum. What says the Steward?

Rog. He's at's wits end; for some four hours since, out of his haste and providence, he mistook the Miller's mangy Mare, for his own Nagg.

Short. And she may break his Neck, and save the Journey. Oh, London, how I love thee!

Hum. I have no Boots, nor none I'll buy: Or if I had, refuse me if I would venture my ability, before a Cloakbag, Men are Men.

Short. For my part, if I be brought, as I know it will be aim'd at, to carry any dirty dairy Cream-pot, or any gentle Lady of the Laundry, Chambring or Wantonness behind my Gelding, with all her Streamers, Knapacks, Glasses, Gogaws, as if I were a running Flipperry, I'll give 'em leave to cut my Girts, and flay me. I'll not be troubled with their Distillations at every half mile's end, I understand my self, and am resolv'd.

Hum. To morrow night at *Olivers!* who shall be there Boys, who shall meet the Wenches?

Rog. The well brew'd stand of Ale, we shou'd have met at!

Short. These Griefs, like to another Tale of *Troy*, wou'd mollifie the Hearts of barbarous People, and *Tom Butcher* weep, *Aeneas* enters, and now the Town's lost.

Ralph. Well whither run you, my Lady is mad.

Short. I wou'd she were in Bedlam.

Ralph. The Carts are come, no Hands to help to load 'em? the Stuff lies in the Hall, the Plate.

Widow [*wirbin.*] Why *Knaves* there, where be these idle Fellows?

Short. Shall I ride with one Boot?

Wid. Why where I say?

Ralph. Away, away, it must be so.

Short. O for a tickling Storm, to last but ten days. [*Exe.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Isabella, and Luce.

Luce. BY my Troth Mistress I did it for the best.

Isab. It may be so, but *Luce*, you have a Tongue, a Dish of Meat in your Mouth, which if it were minc'd, *Luce*, wou'd do a great deal better.

Luce. I protest, Mistress.

Isab. It will be your own one time or other: *Walter.*

Walter.

Walter [within.] Anon forsooth.

Isab. Lay my Hat ready, my Fan and Cloak, you are so full of Providence; and *Walter*, tuck up my little Box behind the Coach, and bid my Maid make ready, my sweet service to your good Lady Mistress; and my Dog, good let the Coachman carry him.

Luce. But hear me.

Isab. I am in Love, sweet *Luce*, and you are so skilful, that I must needs undo my self; and hear me, let *Oliver* pack up my Glass discreetly, and see my Curls well carried. O sweet *Luce*, you have a Tongue, and open Tongues have open you know what, *Luce*.

Luce. Pray you be satisfied.

Isab. Yes, and contented too, before I leave you. There's a *Roger*, which some call a Butcher, I speak of certainties, I do not fish *Luce*, nay do not stare, I have a Tongue can talk too: And a Green Chamber *Luce*, a Back-door opens to a long Gallery; there was a Night, *Luce*, do you perceive, do you perceive me yet? O do you blush, *Luce*? a Friday night I saw your Saint, *Luce*: For 'other Box of Marmalade, all's thine, sweet *Roger*; this I heard and kept too.

Luce. E'en as you are a Woman, Mistress.

Isab. This I allow as good and Physical sometimes, these Meetings, and for the cheering of the Heart; but *Luce*, to have your own turn serv'd, and to your Friend to be a Dogbolt.

Luce. I confess it, Mistress.

Isab. As you have made my Sister jealous of me, and foolishly, and childishly pursu'd it, I have found out your haunt, and trac'd your purposes; for which mine Honour suffers; your best ways must be applied to bring her back again, and seriously and suddenly, that so I may have a Means to clear my self, and she a fair Opinion of me, else you peevish——

Luce. My Pow'r and Pray'rs, Mistress.

Isab. What's the matter?

Enter Shorthose, and Widow.

Short. I have been with the Gentleman, he has it, much good may do him with it.

Wid. Come, are you ready? you love so to delay time, the Day grows on.

Isab. I have sent for a few Trifles, when those are come; and now I know your Reason.

Wid. Know your own Honour then, about your Business, see the Coach ready presently, I'll tell you more then. [Ex. *Luce*, and *Short*.] And understand it well, you must not think your Sister so tender-eyed as not to see your Follies; alas I know your Heart, and must imagine, and truly too, 'tis not your Charity can coin such Sums to give away as you have done, in that you have no Wisdom *Isabel*, no nor Modesty, where nobler uses are at home; I tell you,

I am aſham'd to find this in your Years, far more in your Diſcretion, none to chuſe but things for Pity, none to ſeal your Thoughts on, but one of no abiding, of no name, nothing to bring you to but this, Cold and Hunger: A jolly Joynture, Siſter, you are happy, no Mony, no not ten Shillings.

Iſab. You ſearch nearly.

Wid. I know it as I know your folly, one that knows not where he ſhall eat his next Meal, take his reſt, unleſs it be i'th' Stocks; what Kindred has he, but a more wanting Brother, or what Virtues?

Iſab. You have had rare Intelligence, I ſee, Siſter.

Wid. Or ſay the Man had Virtue, is Virtue in this Age a full Inheritance? what Joynture can he make you, *Plutarch's Morals*, or ſo much penny rent in the ſmall Poets? this is not well, 'tis weak, and I grieve to know it.

Iſab. And this you quit the Town for?

Wid. Is't not time?

Iſab. You are better read in my Affairs than I am, that's all I have to answer; I'll go with you, and willingly, and what you think moſt dangerous, I'll ſit and laugh at. For, Siſter, 'tis not Folly but good Diſcretion governs our mean Fortunes.

Wid. I am glad to hear you ſay ſo.

Iſab. I am for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Shorthoſe, and Humphry, wiſh riding Rods.

Hum. The Devil cannot ſtay her, ſhe'll on't, eat an Egg now, and then we muſt away.

Short. I am gaul'd already, yet I will pray, may *London* ways from henceforth be full of holes, and Coaches crack their Wheels, may zealous Smiths ſo houſel all our Hackneys, that they may feel Compunction in their Feet, and tire at *High-gate*, may it rain above all Almanacks till Carriers fall, and the King's Fiſh-monger ride like *Bike Arion* upon a Trout to *London*.

Hum. At *St. Albans*, let all the Inns be drunk, not an Hoſt ſober to bid her Worſhip welcome.

Short. Not a Fiddle, but all Preach'd down with Puritans; no Meat but Legs of Beef.

Hum. No Beds but Wool-Packs.

Short. And thoſe ſo crammed with Warrens of ſtarved Fleas that bite like Bandogs; let *Mims* be angry at their *St. Bel-Swager*, and we paſs in the heat on't and be beaten, beaten abominably, beaten Horſe and Man, and all my Ladies Linnen ſprinkled with Suds and Diſhwater.

Short. Not a wheel but out of Joynt.

Enter Roger laughing.

Hum. Why doſt thou laugh?

Rog. There's a Gentleman, and the rareſt Gentleman, and makes the rareſt ſport.

Short.

Short. Where, where?

Rog. Within here, h'as made the gayest sport with *Tom* the Coach-man, so tew'd him up with Sack that helies lashing a But of Malmſie for his Mares.

Short. 'Tis very good.

Rog. And talks and laughs, and ſings the rareſt Songs, and *Short-boſe*, he has ſo maul'd the Red Deer Pies, made ſuch an Alms i' th' Buttery.

Short. Better ſtill.

Enter Valentine, and Widow.

Hum. My Lady in a rage with the Gentleman?

Short. May he anger her into a Feather.

[*Exeunt.*

Wid. I pray tell me, who ſent you hither? For I imagine it is not your condition, you look ſo temperately, and like a Gentleman, to ask me theſe mild queſtions.

Val. Do you think I uſe to walk of Errands, gentle Lady, or deal with Women out of Dreams from others?

Wid. You have not known me ſure?

Val. Not much.

Wid. What reaſon have you then to be ſo tender of my Credit, you are no Kinfman?

Val. If you take it ſo, the honeſt Office that I came to do you, is not ſo heavy but I can return it: Now I perceive you are too proud, not worth my Viſit.

Wid. Pray ſtay, a little proud.

Val. Monſtrous proud, I griev'd to hear a Woman of your Value, and your abundant Parts, ſtung by the People, but now I ſee 'tis true; you look upon me as if I were a rude and a ſaucy Fellow that borrow'd all my Breeding from a Dunghil, or ſuch a one, as ſhou'd now fall and worſhip you in hope of Pardon: You are cozen'd Lady, I came to prove Opinion a loud Liar, to ſee a Woman only great in Goodneſs, and Miſtreſs of a greater Fame than Fortune, but——

Wid. You are a ſtrange Gentleman, if I were proud now, I ſhou'd be monſtrous angry, which I am not, and ſhew the effects of Pride; I ſhou'd deſpiſe you, but you are welcome, Sir: To think well of our ſelves, if we deſerve it, it is a Luſtre in us, and every good we have, ſtrives to ſhew gracious, what uſe is it elſe? old Age, like Scer-Trees, is ſeldom ſeen affected, ſtirs ſometimes at rehearſal of ſuch Acts as his daring Youth endeavour'd.

Val. This is well, and now you ſpeak to the purpoſe, you pleaſe me; but to be Place-proud?

Wid. If it be our own, why are we ſet here with Diſtinction elſe, Degrees, and Orders given us? In you Men, 'tis held a coolneſs, if you loſe your Right, Affronts and loſs of Honour, Streets, and Wall, and upper ends of Tables, had they Tongues, could tell

what

what Blood has follow'd, and what Feud about your Ranks; are we so much below you, that till you have us, are the tops of Nature, to be accounted Drones without a difference? You will make us Beasts indeed.

Val. Nay worse than this too, proud of your Cloaths, they swear a Mercers Lucifer, a Tumour tack't together by a Taylor; nay yet worse, proud of red and white, a varnish that Butter-milk can better.

Wid. Lord, how little will vex these poor blind People! If my Cloaths be sometimes gay and glorious, does it follow, my Mind must be my Mercer's too? Or say my Beauty please some weak Eyes, must it please them to think, that blows me up, that every hour blows off? This is an Infant's Anger.

Val. Thus they say too, what though you have a Coach lined through with Velvet, and four fair *Flanders* Mares, why shou'd the Streets be troubled continually with you, till Car-men curse you? Can there ought in this but pride of Shew, Lady, and Pride of Bum-beating, till the learned Lawyers with their fat Bags are thrust against the Bulks till all their Causes crack? Why should this Lady, and 'tother Lady, and the third sweet Lady, and Madam at *Mile-end*, be daily visited, and your poorer Neighbours with counse Nappes neglected, Fashions conferr'd about, Pouncings, and Paintings, and young Mens Bodies read on like Anatomies?

Wid. You are very credulous, and somewhat desperate, to deliver this, Sir, to her you know not, but you shall confess me, and find I will not start; In us all Meetings lie open to these lewd Reports, and our Thoughts at Church, our very Meditations, some will swear, which all shou'd fear to judge, at least uncharitably, are mingled with your Memories; cannot sleep, but this sweet Gentleman swims in our Fancies, that scarlet Man of War, and that smooth Senior; not dress our Heads without new Ambushes, how to surprize that Greatness, or that Glory; our very Smiles are subject to Constructions; nay Sir, it's come to this, we cannot pish, but 'tis a favour for some Fool or other: Should we examine you thus, were't not possible to take you without perspectives?

Val. It may be, but these excuse not.

Wid. Nor yours force no Truth, Sir; what dealy Tongues you have, and to those Tongues what Hearts, and what Inventions? O' my Conscience, and 'twere not for sharp Justice, you would venture to aim at your own Mothers, and account it glory to say you had done so: All you think are Counsels, and cannot err; 'tis we still that shew double, giddy, or gorg'd with Passion; we that build Babels for Mens conclusions; we that scatter, as Day does his warm Light, our killing Curses over God's Creatures, next to the Devil's Malice: Let's intreat your good words.

Val. Well, this Woman has a brave Soul.

Wid.

Wid. Are we not gaily blest then, and much beholding to you for your substance? You may do what you list, we what befits us, and narrowly do that too, and precisely, our Names are served in else at Ordinaries, and belcht abroad in Taverns.

Val. Most brave Wench, and able to redeem an Age of Women.

Wid. You are ~~an~~ *Wid.* Alas, no, Gentlemen, it were an impudence to think you vicious: You are so holy, handsome Ladies fright you, you are the cool things of the time, the Temperance, meer Emblems of the Law, and Veils of Virtue, you are not daily mending like *Dutch* Watches, and plastering like old Walls; they are not Gentlemen, that with their secret sins increase our Surgeons, and lie in Foreign Countries, for new sores; Women are all these Vices; you are not envious, false, covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious, drunken, revengeful, giddy-eyed like Parrots Eaters of others Honours.

Val. You are angry.

Wid. No by my Troth, and yet I cou'd say more too, for when Men make me angry, I am miserable.

Val. Sure 'tis a Man, she cou'd not bear it thus bravely else. It may be I am tedious.

Wid. Not at all, Sir, I am content at this time you shou'd trouble me.

Val. You are distrustful.

Wid. Where I find no Truth, Sir.

Val. Come, come, you are full of Passion.

Wid. Some I have, ~~I were to have the Cause~~ God else.

Val. You are monstrous peevish.

Wid. Because they are monstrous foolish, and know not how to use that should try me.

Val. I was never answer'd thus; were you never Drunk, Lady?

Wid. No sure, ~~no~~ Sir; yet I love good Wine, as I love Health and joy of Heart, but temperately; why do you ask that question?

Val. For that Sin that they most charge you with, is this Sin's Servant, they say you are monstrous—

Wid. What, Sir, what?

Val. Most strangely.

Wid. It has a name sure?

Val. Infinitely ~~without~~ without all bounds, they swear you kill'd your Husband.

Wid. Let us have it all, for Heav'n's sake, 'tis good Mirth, Sir.

Val. They say you will have four now, and these four stuck in four quarters, like four Winds to cool you: Will she not cry nor curse?

Wid. On with your Story.

D

Val.

Val. And that you are forcing out of dispensations with sum: Mony to that purpose.

Wid. Four Husbands! Should not I be blest, Sir, for example? Lord, what shou'd I do with them? Turn a Mill-mill, or Tube them out like Town-balls to my Tenants. You come to make me angry, but you cannot.

Val. I'll make you merry then, you are a brave Woman, and in despite of Envy a right one, go thy ways, truth thou art as good a Woman, as any Lord of them all can lay his leg over. I do not oft commend your Sex.

Wid. It seems so, your Commendations are so studied for.

Val. I came to see you and sift you into Flowr, to know your pureness, and I have found you excellent; I thank you; continue so, and shew Men how to tread, and Women how to follow: Get an Husband, an honest Man, you are a good Woman, and live hedg'd in from Scandal, let him be too an understanding Man, and to that stedfast; 'tis pity your fair Figure should miscarry, and then you are fixt: Farewel.

Wid. Pray stay a little, I love your company now you are so pleasant, and to my disposition set so even.

Val. I can no longer.

[*Exit.*

Wid. As I live a fine Fellow, this manly handsome Bluntness shews him honest, what is he, or from whence? Bless me, four Husbands! How prettily he fooled me into Vices, to stir my Jealousie, and find my Nature; a proper Gentleman: I am not well o'th' sudden, such a Companion I could live and die with, his Angers are meer Mirth.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Come, come, I am ready.

Wid. Are you so?

Isab. What ails she? The Coach stays, and the People, the day goes on, I am as ready now as you desire, Sister: Fie, who stays now, why do you sit and pout thus?

Wid. Prethee be quiet, I am not well:

Isab. For Heav'n's sake let's not ride staggering in the Night, come pray you take some Sweet-meats in your Pocket, if your Stomach—

Wid. I have a little business.

Isab. To abuse me, you shall not find new Dreams, and new Suspicions, to horse withal.

Wid. Lord, who made you a Commander! Hey ho, my Heart.

Isab. Is the Wind come thither, and Coward-like, do you lose your Colours to 'em? Are you sick o'th' *Valentine*? Sweet Sister, come let's away, the Country will so quicken you, and we shall live so sweetly: *Euce*, my Lady's Cloak; nay, you have put me into such a gog of going, I would not stay for all the World; if I live here,

here, you have so knock'd this love into my Head, that I shall love any Body, and I find my Body, I know not how, so apt ——— pray let's be gone, Sister, I stand on Thorns.

Wid. I prithee *Isabella*, i' faith I have some business that concerns me, I will suspect no more; here, wear that for me, and I'll pay the hundred pound you owe your Taylor.

Enter Shorthose, Roger, Humphry, Ralph.

Isab. I had rather go, but ——— (Horses.

Wid. Come, walk in with me, we'll go to Cards, unsaddle the

Shor. A Jubile! a Jubile! we stay, Boys. [Exeunt.

Enter Uncle and Lance: Fountain, Bellamore and Hairbrain following.

Unc. Are they behind us?

Lance. Close, close; speak aloud, Sir.

Unc. I am glad my Nephew has so much Discretion, at length to find his wants. Did she entertain him?

Lance. Most bravely, nobly, and gave him such a welcome!

Unc. For his own sake, do you think?

Lance. Most certain, Sir, and in his own Cause bestirr'd himself too, and wan such liking from her, she dotes on him, h'as the command of all the House already.

Unc. He deals not well with his Friends.

Lance. Let him deal on, and be his own Friend, he has most need of her.

Unc. I wonder they wou'd put him ———

Lance. You are in the right on't, a Man that must raise himself. I knew he wou'd cozen 'em, and glad I am he has: He watch'd occasion, and found it i'th' nick.

Unc. He has deceiv'd me.

Lance. I told you, howsoever he wheel'd about, he wou'd charge home at length: How cou'd laugh I now, to think of these tame Fools!

Unc. 'Twas not well done, because they trusted him, yet.

Bel. Hark you, Gentlemen.

Unc. We are upon a business, pray excuse us; they have it home.

Lance. Come, let it work good on Gentlemen.

[Exeunt Uncle and Lance.

Fount. 'Tis true, he is a Knave, I ever thought it.

Hair. And we are Fools, tame Fools.

Bel. Come let's go seek him, he shall be hang'd before he colt us basely. [Exeunt.

Enter Isabella, and Luce.

Isab. Art sure she loves him?

Luce. Am I sure I live? And I have clapt on such a commendation on your Revenge.

Isab. Faith, he is a pretty Gentleman.

Luce. Handsome enough, and that her Eye has found out.

Isab. He talks the best they say, and yet the maddest.

Luce. Ha's the right way.

Isab. How is she?

Luce. Bears it well, as if she car'd not, but a Man may see with half an Eye through all her forc'd Behaviour, and find who is her *Valentine*.

Isab. Come let's go see her, I long to prosecute.

Luce. By no means Mistress, let her take better hold first.

Isab. I cou'd burst now.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Valentine, Fountain, Bellamore, and Hairbrain.

Val. Upbraid me with your benefits, you Pilchers, you shotten, fold, slight Fellows? Was't not I that undertook you first from empty Barrels, and brought those barking Mouths that gap'd like Bung-holes to utter Sense? Where got you Understanding? Who taught you Manners and apt Carriage to rank your selves? Who fill'd you in fit Taverns? Were those born with your Worships when you came hither? What brought you from the Universities of moment matter to allow you, besides your small base Sentences?

Bel. 'Tis well, Sir.

Val. Long Cloaks with two-hand Rapiers, boot-hoses with penny-poses, and twenty Fools opinions; who look'd on you but piping Rites that knew you wou'd be prizing, and Preptices in *Paul's Church-yard* that scented your want of *Britains Books*.

Enter Widow, and Luce.

Fount. This cannot save you.

Val. Taunt my Integrity, you Whelps?

Bel. You may talk the stock we gave you out, but see no further.

Hair. You tempt our Patience, we have found you out, and what your trust comes to, you're well feather'd, thank us, and think now of an honest Course, 'tistime; Men now begin to look, and narrowly into your tumbling tricks, they are stale.

Wid. Is not that he?

Luce. 'Tis he.

Wid. Be still and mark him.

Val. How miserable will these poor Wretches be when I forsake 'em! but things have their necessities. I am sorry, to what a Vomit must they turn again; now to their own dear Dunghil breeding; never hope, after I cast you off, you Men of *Motley*, you most undone things below pity, any that has a Soul and six Pence dares relieve you, my Name shall bar that Blessing; there's your Cloak, Sir; keep it close to you, it may yet preserve you a fortnight longer from the Fool; your Hat, pray be cover'd, and there's the Sattin that your Worship sent me, will serve you at a Sizes yet.

Fount. Nay, faith Sir, you may e'en rub these out now.

Val.

Val. No such Relick, nor the least rag of such a sordid weakness shall keep me warm; these Breeches are mine own, purchas'd, and paid for, without your Compassion, a Christian Breeches, founded in *Black-Fryars*, and so I'll maintain 'em.

Hair. So they seem, Sir.

Val. Only the thirteen Shillings in these Breeches, and the odd, Groat, I take it, shall be yours, Sir, a mark to know a Knave by pray preserve it, do not displease more, but take it presently. Now help me off with my Boots.

Hair. We are no Grooms, Sir.

Val. For once you shall be, do it willingly, or by this Hand I'll make you.

Bel. To our own, Sir, we may apply our Hands.

Val. There's your Hangers, you may deserve a strong pair, and a Girdle will hold you without Buckles; now I am perfect, and now the proudest of your Worships tell me I am beholding to you.

Fount. No such matter.

Val. And take heed how you pity me, 'tis dangerous, exceeding dangerous to prate of Pity; which are the poorer? You are now Puppies; I without you, or you without my Knowledge? be Rogues, and so be gone, be Rogues, and reply not, for if you do——

Bel. Only thus much, and then we'll leave you: The Air is far sharper than our Anger, Sir, and these you may reserve to rail in warmer.

Hair. Pray have a care, Sir, of you Health.

[*Ex Lovers.*]

Val. Yes Hog-hounds, more than you can of your Wits; 'tis cold, and I am very sensible, extreemly cold too, yet I will not off, till I have shamed these Rascals; I have indur'd as ill heats as another, and every way if one cou'd perish my Body, you'll bear the blame on't; I am colder here, not a poor penny left.

Enter Uncle with a Bag.

Unc. 'Twas taken rarely, and now he's dead he will be ruled.

Lance. To him, tew him, abuse him, and nip him close.

Unc. Why how now, Cousin, sunning your self this weather?

Val. As you see, Sir, in a hot fit, I thank my Friends.

Unc. But Cousin, where are your Cloaths, Man? Those are no Inheritance, your scruple may compound with those I take it, this is no Fashion, Cousin.

Val. Not much follow'd, I must confess; yet Uncle, I determine to try what may be done next Term.

Lance. How came you thus, Sir, for you are strangely mov'd.

Val. Rags, Toys and Trifles, fit only for those Fools that first possessed 'em, and to those Knaves they are rendred. Freeman, Uncle, ought to appear Innocents, old *Adam*, a fair Fig-leaf sufficient.

Unc. Take me with you, were these your Friends that clear'd you thus?

Val.

Val. Hang Friends, and ev'n Reckonings that make Friends.

Unc. I thought till now, there had been no such Living, no such Purchase, for all the rest is Labour, as a List of Honourable Friends; do such Men as you, Sir, in lieu of all your Understandings, Travels, and those great gifts of Nature, aim at no more than casting off your Coats? I am strangely cazen'd.

Lance. Should not the Town shake at the cold you feel now, and all the Gentry suffer interdiction, no more sense spoken, all things Gorb and Vandal, 'till you be summed again, Velvets and Scarlets, anointed with Gold Lace, and Cloth of Silver turn'd into Spanish Cottons for a Penance, Wits blasted with your Bulls, and Taverns whither'd, as though the Term lay at St. *Albans*?

Val. Gentlemen, you have spoken long and level, I beseech you take Breath a while and hear me; you imagine now, by the twirling of your Strings, that I am at the last, as also that my Friends are flown like Swallows after Summer.

Unc. Yes, Sir.

Val. And that I have no more in this poor Pannier, to raise me up again above your Rents, Uncle.

Unc. All this I do believe.

Val. You have no mind to better me.

Unc. Yes, Cousin, and to that end I come, and once more offer you all that my Pow'r is Master of.

Val. A match then, lay me down fifty Pounds there.

Unc. There it is, Sir.

Val. And on it write, that you are pleas'd to give this, as due unto my Merit, without caution of Land redeeming, tedious thanks, or thrift hereafter to be hoped for.

Unc. How?

[*Luce lays a Suit and Letter at the Door.*]

Val. Without daring, when you are Drunk, to relish of Revilings, to which you are prone in Sack, Uncle.

Unc. I thank you, Sir.

Lance. Come, come away, let the young Wanton play awhile, away I say, Sir, let him go forward with his naked Fashion, he will seek you to morrow; goodly weather, sultry hot, sultry, how I sweat!

Unc. Farewel, Sir.

[*Exeunt Uncle and Lance.*]

Val. Wou'd I sweat too, I am monstrous vext, and cold too; and these are but thin Pumps to walk the Streets in; Cloaths I must get, this Fashion will not fadge with; besides, 'tis an ill Winter wear.—What art thou? Yes, they are Cloaths, and rich ones, some Fool has left 'em: And if I should utter—What's this Paper here? Let this be only worn by the most noble and deserving Gentleman *Valentine*.—Dropt out o' th' Clouds! I think they are full of Gold too; well, I'll leave my wonder, and be warm again, in the next House I'll shift.

[*Exit.*]

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Francisco, Uncle, and Lance.

Fran. WHY do you deal thus with him? 'Tis unnobly.

Unc. Peace, Cousin, peace, you are too tender of him, he must be dealt thus with, he must be cured thus, the violence of his Disease, *Francisco*, must not be jested with, 'tis grown infectious, and now strong Corrosives must cure him.

Lance. H'as had a Stinger, has eaten off his Cloaths, the next his Skin comes.

Unc. And let it search him to the Bones, 'tis better, 'twill make him feel it.

Lance. Where be his noble Friends now? Will his fantastical Opinions cloath him, or the learned Art of having nothing to feed him?

Unc. It must needs greedily, for all his Friends have flung him off, he is naked, and where to skin himself again, if I know, or can devise how he can get himself Lodging, his Spirit must be bow'd, and now we have him, have him at that we hoped for.

Lance. Next time we meet him cracking of Nuts, with half a Cloak about him, for all means are cut off, or borrowing six Pence, to shew his Bounty in the Pottage Ordinary?

Fran. Which way went he?

Lance. Pox, why shou'd you ask after him? you have been trim'd already, let him take his Fortune, he spun it out himself, Sir, there's no pity.

Unc. Besides, some good to you now, from this Misery.

Fran. I rise upon his Ruins! fie, fie, Uncle, fie honest *Lance*. Those Gentlemen were base People, that cou'd so soon take fire to his Destruction.

Unc. You are a Fool, you are a Fool, a young Man.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Morrow Uncle, morrow *Frank*, sweet *Frank*, and how, and how d'ye, think now, how shew Matters? Morrow Bandog.

Unc. How?

Fran. Is this Man naked, forsaken of his Friends?

Val. Thou art handsome, *Frank*, a pretty Gentleman, i'faith, thou look'st well, and yet here may be those that look as handsome.

Lance. Sure he can Conjure, and has the Devil for his Taylor.

Unc. New and rich! 'tis most impossible he should recover.

Lance. Give him this luck, and fling him into the Sea.

Unc. 'Tis not he, Imagination cannot work this Miracle.

Val. Yes, yes, 'tis he, I will assure you, Uncle, the very he, the he your Wisdom plaid wihal, I thank you for't, neigh'd at his

his Nakedness, and made his Cold and Poverty your Pastime; you see I live, and the best can do no more. Uncle, and though I have no State, I keep the Streets still, and take my pleasure in the Town, like a poor Gentleman, wear Cloaths to keep me warm, poor things they serve me, can make a shew too if I list, yes Uncle, and ring a peal in my Pockets, ding dong, Uncle; these are mad foolish ways, but who can help 'em?

Unc. I am amaz'd.

Lance. I'll sell my Copyhold, for since there are such excellent nothings, why shou'd I labour? Is there no Fairy haunts him, no Rat, nor no old Woman?

Unc. You are *Valentine*?

Val. I think so, I cannot tell, I have been call'd so, and some say Christen'd, why do you wonder at me, and swell, as you had met a Serjeant fasting, did you ever know Desert want? You're Fools, a little stoop there may be to allay him, he wou'd grow too rank else, a small Eclipse to shadow him, but out he must break, glowingly again, and with a great lustre, look you Uncle, Motion and Majesty.

Unc. I am confounded.

Fran. I am of his Faith.

Val. Walk by his careless Kinsman, and turn again and walk, and look thus, Uncle, taking some one by the Hand he loves best, leave them to the Mercy of the Hog-market, come *Frank*, Fortune is now my Friend, let me instruct thee.

Fran. Good morrow Uncle, I must needs go with him.

Val. Flay me, and turn me out where none inhabits, within two hours I shall be thus again; now wonder on, and laugh at your Ignorance.

[*Ex. Val. and Franc.*]

Unc. I do believe him.

Lance. So do I, and heartily upon my Conscience, bury him stark naked, he wou'd rise again, within two hours imbroider'd. Sow Mustard-seeds, and they cannot come up so thick as his new Sattins do, and Cloths of Silver, there's no striving.

Unc. Let him play awhile then, and let's search out what hand——

Lance. Ay, there the Game lies.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, and Hairbrain.

Fount. Come, let's speak for our selves, we have lodg'd him sure enough, his Nakedness dare not peep out to cross us.

Bel. We can have no admittance.

Hair. Let's in boldly, and use our best Arts, who she deigns to favour, we are all content.

Fount. Much good may do her with him, no Civil Wars.

Bel. By no means. Now do I wonder in what old tod Ivie he lies whistling; for Means nor Cloaths he hath none, nor none will trust him, we have made that side sure, teach him a new wooing.

Hair.

Hair. Say it is his Uncle's spite.

Fount. It is all one, Gentlemen, 'thas rid us of a fair Incumbrance, and makes us look about to our own Fortunes. Who are these?

Enter Isabella and Luce.

Ifab. Not see this Man yet! well, I shall be wiser: But *Luce*, didst ever know a Woman melt so? she is finely hurt to hunt.

Luce. Peace, the three Suitors.

Ifab. I cou'd so titter now and laugh; I was lost, *Luce*, and I must love, I know not what; O *Cupid*, what pretty gins thou hast to halter Woodcocks! and we must into the Country in all haste,
Luce.

Luce. For Heav'ns sake, Mistress.

Ifab. Nay, I have done, I must laugh though; but Scholar, I shall teach you.

Fount. 'Tis her Sister.

Bel. Save you, Ladies.

Ifab. Fair met Gentlemen, you are visiting my Sister, I assure my self.

Hair. We wou'd fain bless our Eyes.

Ifab. Behold and welcome, you wou'd see her?

Fount. 'Tis our business.

Ifab. You shall see her, and you shall talk with her.

Luce. She will not see 'em, nor spend a word.

Ifab. I'll make her fret a thousand, nay now I have found the Scab, I will so scratch her.

Luce. She cannot endure 'em.

Ifab. She loves 'em but too dearly; come follow me, I'll bring you to th' party, Gentlemen, then make your own Conditions.

Luce. She is sick, you know.

Ifab. I'll make her well, or kill her, and take no idle answer, you are Fools then, nor stand off for her State, she'll scorn you all then, but urge her still, and though she fret, still follow her; a Widow must be won so.

Bel. She speaks bravely.

Ifab. I wou'd fain have a Brother in Law, I love Mens Company, and if she call for Dinner to avoid you, be sure you stay; follow her into her Chamber, if she retire to Pray, pray with her, and boldly, like honest Lovers.

Luce. This will kill her.

Fount. You have shewed us one way, do but lead the tother.

Ifab. I know you stand o' thorns, come I'll dispatch you.

Luce. If you live after this.

Ifab. I have lost my aim.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Valentine, and Francisco.

Fran. Did you not see 'em since?

Val. No, hang 'em, hang 'em.

E

Fran.

Fran. Nor will you not be seen by 'em?

Val. Let 'em alone, *Frank*, I'll make 'em their own Justice and a Jerker.

Fran. Such base discourteous Dog-whelps.

Val. I shall dog 'em, and double dog 'em, e'er I have done.

Fran. Will you go with me, for I wou'd fain find out this piece of Bounty, it was the Widow's Man, that I am certain of.

Val. To what end wou'd you go?

Fran. To give Thanks.

Val. Hang giving Thanks, hast not thou Parts deserve it? it includes a further will to be beholding; Beggars can do no more at door; if you will go, there lies your way.

Fran. I hope you will go.

Val. No not in Ceremony, and to a Woman, with mine own Father, were he living, *Frank*; I would toth' Court with Bears first, if it be that Wench I think it is, for t'other's wiser, I wou'd not beso lookt upon, and laugh'd at, so made a Ladder for her Wit to climb upon, for 'tis the rarest Tit in Christendom, I know her well *Frank*, and have buckled with her, so lickt, and stroaked, flea'd upon, and flouted, and shown to Chamber-Maids, like a strange Beast, she had purchas'd with her penny.

Fran. You are a strange Mau, but do you think it was a Woman?

Val. There's no doubt on't, who can be there to do it else? besides the manner of the Circumstances.

Fran. Then such Courtesies, who ever does 'em, Sir, saving your own Wisdom, must be more lookt into, and better answer'd, than with deserving slights, or what we ought to have conferred upon us, Men may starve else, Means are not gotten now with crying out I am a Gallant Fellow, a good Soldier, a Man of Learning, or fit to be employ'd, immediate Blessings cease like Miracles, and we must grow by second Means. I pray go with me, ev'n as you love me, Sir.

Val. I will come to thee, but *Frank*, I will not stay to hear your Fopp'ries, dispatch those e'er I come.

Fran. You will not fail me.

Val. Some two hours hence expect me.

Fran. I thank you, and will look for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Widow, Shorthose, and Roger.

Wid. Who let in these Puppies? You blind Rascals, you drunken Knaves several.

Short. Yes forsooth, I'll let 'em in presently ——— Gentlemen.

Wid. Sprecious, you blown Pudding, bawling Rogue.

Short. I bawl as loud as I can, wou'd you have me fetch 'em upon my back?

Wid.

Wid. Get 'em out, Rascal, out with 'em, out, I sweat to have 'em near me.

Short. I shou'd sweat more to carry 'em out.

Roger. They are Gentlemen, Madam.

Short. Shall we get 'em into th' Buttery, and make 'em Drunk?

Wid. Do any thing, so I be eas'd.

Enter Isabella, Fountain, Bellamore, and Hairbrain.

Isab. Now to her Sir, fear nothing.

Rog. Slip aside Boy, I know she loves 'em, howsoever she carries it, and has invited 'em, my young Mistress told me so.

Short. Away to Tables then.

[*Exe. Short. Rog.*]

Isab. I shall burst with the Sport on't.

Fount. You are too curious Madam, too full of preparation, we expect it not.

Bel. Methinks the House is handsome, every place decent, what need you be vext?

Hair. We are no Strangers.

Fount. What though we come e'er you expected us, do not we know your Entertainments, Madam, are free, and full at all times?

Wid. You are merry, Gentlemen.

Bel. We come to be merry Madam, and very merry, Men love to laugh heartily, and now and then Lady a little of our old Plea.

Wid. I am busie, and very busie too, will none deliver me?

Hair. There is a time for all, you may be busie, but when your Friends come, you have as much Pow'r, Madam.

Wid. This is a tedious Torment.

Fount. How handsomly this little piece of Anger shews upon her! well Madam, well, you know not how to grace your self.

Bel. Nay every thing she does breeds a new sweetness.

Wid. I must go up, I must go up, I have a business waits upon me; some Wine for the Gentlemen.

Hair. Nay, we'll go with you, we never saw your Chambers yet. *Isab.* Hold there Boys.

Wid. Say I go to my Prayers?

Fount. We'll pray with you, and help your Meditations.

Wid. This is boysterous; or say I go to sleep, will you go to sleep with me?

Bel. So suddenly before Meat will be dangerous, we know your Dinner's ready, Lady, you will not sleep.

Wid. Give me my Coach, I will take the Air.

Hair. We'll wait on you, and then your Meat after a quickned Stomach.

Wid. Let it alone, and call my Steward to me, and bid him bring his reckonings into the Orchard: these unmannerly rude Puppies——

[*Exit Widow.*]

Fount.

Fount. We'll walk after you, and view the pleasure of the Place.

Isab. Let her not rest, for if you give her breath, she'll scorn and flout you, seem how she will, this is the way to win her, be bold and prosper.

Bel. Nay if we do not tire her. ——— [Exeunt Lovers.]

Isab. I'll teach you to worm me, good Lady Sister, and peep in to my Privacies to suspect me. I'll torture you, with that you hate, most daintily, and when I have done that, laugh at that you love most.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What have you done? she chafes and fumes outrageously, and still they persecute her.

Isab. Long may they do so, I'll teach her to declaim against my Pities; why she is not gone out o' th' Town, but gives occasion for Men to run mad after her?

Luce. This in me had been high Treason, three at a time, and private in her Orchard! I hope she'll cast her reckonings right now.

Enter Widow.

Wid. Well, I shall find who brought 'em.

Isab. Ha, ha, ha.

Wid. Why do you laugh, Sister? I fear me 'tis your trick, 'twas neatly done of you, and well becomes your Pleasure.

Isab. What have you done with 'em?

Wid. Lockt 'em i'th' Orchard, there I'll make 'em dance and caper too, before they get their liberty, unmannerly rude Puppies.

Isab. They are somewhat saucy, but yet I'll let 'em out, and once more sound 'em; why were they not beaten out?

Wid. I was about it, but because they came as Suiters.

Isab. Why did you not answer 'em?

Wid. They are so impudent they will receive none: More yet! How came these in?

Enter Francisco and Lance.

Lance. [at the Door] Madam.

Isab. It is that Face.

Luce. This is the Gentleman.

Wid. She sent the Money to?

Luce. The same.

Isab. I'll leave you, they have some business.

Wid. Nay, you shall stay, Sister, they are Strangers both to me; how her Face alters!

Isab. I am sorry he comes now.

Wid. I am glad he is here now though. Who would you speak with, Gentlemen?

Lance. You Lady, or your fair Sister (there, here's a Gentleman that has receiv'd a benefit.

Wid.

Wid. From whom, Sir?

Lance. From one of you, as he supposes, Madam, your Man deliver'd it.

Wid. I pray go forward.

Lance. And of so great a Goodness, that he dares not, without the tender of his Thanks and Service, pass by the House.

Wid. Which is the Gentleman?

Lance. This, Madam.

Wid. What's your Name, Sir?

Fran. They that know me call me *Francisco*, Lady, one not so proud to scorn so timely a Benefit, nor so wretched to hide a Gratitude:

Wid. It is well bestow'd then.

Fran. Your fair self, or your Sister, as it seems, for what Desert I dare not know, unless a handsome Subject for your Charities, or aptness in your noble Will to do it, have shew'd upon my Wants a timely Bounty, which makes me rich in Thanks, my best Inheritance.

Wid. I am sorry 'twas not mine, this is the Gentlewoman; fie, do not blush, go roundly to the matter, the Man is a pretty Man.

Isab. You have three fine ones.

Fran. Then to you, dear Lady?

Isab. I pray no more, Sir, if I may persuade you, your only aptness to do this is Recompence, and more than I expected.

Fran. But good Lady.

Isab. And for me further to be acquainted with it, besides the imputation of vain Glory, were greedy Thankings of my self, I did it not to be more affected to; I did it, and if it happen'd where I thought it fitted, I have my end; more to enquire is curious in either of us, more than that suspicious.

Fran. But gentle Lady, 'twill be necessary.

Isab. About the right way nothing, do not fright it, being to pious use and tender sighted, with the blown Face of Compliments, it blasts it. Had you not come at all, but thought Thanks, it had been too much, 'twas not to see your Person.

Wid. A brave dissembling Rogue, and how she carries it!

Isab. Though I believe few handsomer; or hear you, though I affect a good Tongue well; or try you, though my Years desire a Friend, that I reliev'd you:

Wid. A plaguy cunning g *Queen*.

Isab. For so I carried it, my end's too glorious in mine Eyes, and better the goodness I propounded with Opinion.

Wid. Fear her not, Sir.

Isab. You cannot catch me, Sister.

Fran. Will you both teach, and tie my Tongue up, Lady?

Isab.

Isab. Let it suffice you have it, it was never mine, whilst good Men wanted it.

Lance. This is a Saint sure.

Isab. And if you be not such a one, restore it.

Fran. To commend my self, were more officious than you think Thanks are, to doubt I may be worth your Gift a Treason, both to mine own good and understanding, I know my Mind clear, and though Modesty tells me, he that intreats intrudes; yet I must think something, and of some Season, met with your better taste, this had not been else.

Wid. What ward for that, Wench?

Isab. Alas, it never touch'd me.

Fran. Well, gentle Lady, yours is the first Mony I ever took upon a forc'd ill Manners.

Isab. The last of me, if ever you use other.

Fran. How may I do, and your way, to be thought a grateful Taker?

Isab. Spend it, and say nothing, your Modesty may deserve more.

Wid. O Sister, will you bar Thankfulness?

Isab. Dogs dance for Meat, wou'd ye have Men do worse? For they can speak, cry out like Wood-mongers, good deeds by the hundreds, I did that my best Friend should not know it, Wine and vain Glory does as much as I else; if you will force my Merit, against my Meaning, use it in well bestowing it, in shewing it came to be a benefit, and was so; and not examining a Woman did it, or to what end, in not believing sometimes your self, when Drink and stirring Conversation may ripen strange persuasions.

Fran. Gentle Lady, I were a base Receiver of a Courtesie, and you a worse Disposer, were my Nature unfurnished of these fore-fights. Ladies honours were ever in my Thoughts unspotted Crimes, their good Deeds holy Temples, where the Incense burns not to common Eyes; your Fears are virtuous, and so I shall preserve 'em.

Isab. Keep but this way, and from this place to tell me so, you have paid me; and so I wish you see all Fortune. [Exit.]

Wid. Fear not, the Woman will be thank'd, I do not doubt it. Are you so crafty, carry it so precisely? This is to wake my Fears, or to abuse me, I shall look narrowly; despair not Gentlemen, there is an hour to catch a Woman in, if you be wise, so, I must leave you too; Now will I go laugh at my Suitors. [Exit.]

Lance. Sir, what courage?

Fran. This Woman is a Founder, and cites Statutes to all her benefits.

Lance

Lance. I never knew yet, so few Years and so cunning, yet believe me she has an itch, but how to make her confess it, for it is a crafty Tit, and plays about you, will not bite home, she wou'd fain, but she dares not; carry your self but so discreetly, Sir, that want or wantonness seem not to search you, and you shall see her open.

Fran. I do love her, and were I rich, wou'd give two thousand Pound to wed her Wit but one hour, oh 'tis a Dragon, and a spritely way of Pleasure, ha *Lance.*

Lance. Your ha *Lance* broken once, you would cry ho, ho, *Lance.*

Fran. Some leaden landed Rogue will have this Wench now, when all's done, some such Youth will carry her, and wear her, greasie out like stuff, some Dunce that knows no more but Markets, and admires nothing but a long charge at Sizes: O the Fortunes!

Enter Isabella and Luce.

Lance. Comfort your self.

Luce. They are here yet, and alone too, boldly upon't, nay, Mistress, I still told you, how 'twou'd find your trust, this 'tis to venture your Charity upon a Boy.

Lance. Now, what's the matter? Stand fast, and like your self.

Isab. Prethee no more, Wench.

Luce. What was his want to you?

Isab. 'Tis true.

Luce. Or Misery, or say he had been i'th' Cage, was there no Mercy to look abroad but yours?

Isab. I am paid for fooling.

Luce. Must every slight Companion that can purchase a shew of Poverty and beggarly Planet fall under your Compassion?

Lance. Here's a new matter.

Luce. Nay, you are serv'd but too well, here he stays yet, yet as I live.

Fran. How her Face alters on me!

Luce. Out of a confidence, I hope.

Isab. I am glad on't.

Fran. How do you, gentle Lady?

Isab. Much ashamed Sir, but first stand further off me, you're infectious, to find such Vanity, nay almost Impudence, where I believ'd a Worth: Is this your Thanks, the Gratitude you were so mad to make me, your trim Counsel, Gentlemen?

Lance. What, Lady?

Isab. Take your Device again, it will not serve Sir, the Woman will not bite, you are finely cozen'd, drop it no more for shame.

Luce. Do you think you are here, Sir, amongst your Waist-coaters, your base Wenches that scratch at such occasions? You are deluded: This is a Gentlewoman of a noble House, born to a bet-

ter

ter Fame than you can build her, and Eyes above your pitch.

Fran. I do acknowledge——

Ifab. Then I beseech you Sir, what could you see, (speak boldly, and speak truly, shame the Devil,) in my behaviour of such easiness that you durst venture to do this?

Fran. You amaze me, this Ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.

Luce. I saw you drop it, Sir.

Ifab. I took it up too, still looking when your Modesty should miss it, why, what a Childish part was this?

Fran. I vow.

Ifab. Vow me no Vows, he that dares do this, has bred himself to boldness, to forswear too; there take your gewgaw, you are too much pamper'd, and I repent my part, as you grow older grow wiser if you can, and so farewell Sir. *[Exeunt Isabella, and Luce.]*

Lance. Grow wiser if you can? She has put it to you, 'tis a rich Ring, did you drop it?

Fran. Never, ne'er saw it afore, *Lance.*

Lance. Thereby hangs a Tail then: What flight she makes to catch her self! Look up Sir, you cannot lose her if you would, how daintily she flies upon the Lure, and cunningly she makes stops! whistle and she'll come to you.

Fran. I wou'd I were so happy.

Lance. Maids are Clocks, the greatest Wheel, they show, goes slowest to us, and make's hang on tedious hopes; the lesser, which are conceal'd, being often oyl'd with Wishes, flee like desires, and never leave that Motion, 'till the Tongue strikes; she is Flesh, Blood and Marrow, young as her purpose, and soft as pity; no Monument to Worship, but a Mould to make Men in, a neat one, and I know howe'er she appears now, which is near enough, you are stark Blind if you hit not soon at Night; she wou'd venture forty Pounds more but to feel a Flea in your Shape bite her: Drop no more Rings forsooth, this was the prettiest thing to know her Heart by.

Fran. Thou put'st me in much comfort.

Lance. Put your self in good comfort, if she do not point you out the way, drop no more Rings, she'll drop her self into you.

Fran. I wonder my Brother comes not.

Lance. Let him alone, and feed your self on your own Fortunes; come be frolick, and let's be monstrous wise, and full of counsel; drop no more Rings. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Widow, Fountain, Bellamore, and Hairbrain.

Wid. If you will needs be foolish you must be us'd so: Who sent for you? Who entertain'd you, Gentlemen? Who bid you welcome hither? You came crowding, and impudently bold; press on my Patience, as if I kept a House for all Companions, and

of

of all sorts: Will have your Wills, will vex me and force my liking from you I ne'er vow'd you?

Fount. For all this, we will dine with you.

Bel. And for all this will have a better Answer from you.

Wid. You shall never, neither have an Answer nor Dinner, unless you use me with a more staid Respect, and stay your time too.

Enter Isabella, Shorthose, Roger, Humphry, Ralph, with

Dishes of Meat.

Isab. Forward with the Meat now.

Rog. Come, Gentlemen, march fairly.

Short. Roger, you are a weak Serving-man, your white Broath runs from you; fie, how I sweat under this Pile of Beef; an Elephant can do more! Oh for such a Back now, and in these times, what might a Man arrive at! Goose, graze you up, and Woodcock march behind thee, I am almost foundred.

Wid. Who bid you bring the Meat yet? Away you Knaves, I will not dine these two hours: How am I vexed and chaf'd! go carry it back, and tell the Cook he's an arrant Rascal, to send before I call'd.

Short. Face about Gentlemen, beat a mournful March then, and give some Supporters, or else I perish—— [*Exe. Servants.*]

Isab. It does me much good to see her chafe thus.

Hair. We can stay Madam, and will stay and dwell here, 'tis good Air.

Fount. I know you have Beds enough, and Meat you never want.

Wid. You want a little.

Bel. We dare to pretend no. Since you are churlish, we'll give you Physick, you must purge this Anger, it burns you and decays you.

Wid. If I had you out once, I wou'd be at the charge of a Port-cullis for you.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Good morrow, noble Lady.

Wid. Good morrow, Sir. How sweetly now he looks; and how full manly! What Slaves were these to use him so!

Val. I come to look a young Man I call Brother.

Wid. Such a one was here, Sir, as I remember your own Brother, but gone almost an hour ago.

Val. Good E'en then.

Wid. You must not so soon, Sir; here be some Gentlemen, it may be you are acquainted with 'em.

Hair. Will nothing make him miserable?

Fount. How glorious!

Bel. It is the very he; does it rain Fortunes, or has he a Familiar?

Hair. How doggedly he looks too?

F

[*Fount.*]

Fount. I am beyond my Faith, pray let's be going.

Val. Where are these Gentlemen?

Wid. Here.

Val. Yes, I know 'em; and will be more familiar.

Bel. Morrow, Madam.

Wid. Nay stay and dine.

Val. You shall stay 'till I talk with you, and not dine neither, but fastingly my Fury; you think you have undone me, think so still, and swallow that belief, 'till you be company for Court-hand Clerks, and starv'd Attorneys, 'till you break in at Plays like Prentices for three a Groat, and crack Nuts with Scholars in the penny Rooms again, and fight for Apples, 'till you return to what I found you, People betray'd into the hands of Fencers, Challengers, Tooth-drawers Bills, and tedious Proclamations in Meal-markets, with throngings to see Cut-purses. Stir not, but hear, and mark, I'll cut your Throats else, 'till Water-works, and rumours of New-Rivers rid you again, and run you into Questions who built *Thames*, 'till you run mad for Lotteries, and stand there with your Tables to glean the Golden Sentences, and cite 'em secretly to Serving-men for sound Essays, 'till Taverns allow you but a Towel-room to Tipple Wine in, that the Bell hath gone for twice, and Glasses that look like broken Promises, tied up with wicker Protestations, *Englisb* Tobacco with half Pipes, nor in half a Year once burnt, and Bisket that Bawds have rub'd their Gums upon like Corals to bring the mark again, tell these hour Rascals so, this most fatal hour will come again, think I sit down the Loser.

Wid. Will you stay, Gentlemen, a piece of Beef, and a cold Capon, that's all, you know you are welcome.

Humph. That was cast to abuse us.

Bel. Steal off, the Devil is in his Anger.

Wid. Nay I am sure you will not leave me so discourteously, now I have provided for you.

Val. What do you here? Why do ye vex a Woman of her Goodness, her State and Worth? Can you bring a fair Certificate that you deserve to be her Footmen? Husbands, you Puppies? Husbands for Whores and Bawds, away you Wind-suckers; do not look big nor prate, nor stay, nor grumble, and when you are gone, seem to laugh at my fury, and slight this Lady, I shall hear, and know this: And though I am not bound to fight for Women, as far as they are good I dare preserve 'em: Be not too bold, for if you be, I'll swinge you monstrously without all pity; your Honours now go, avoid me mainly. [Exeunt.]

Wid. Well, Sir, you have deliver'd me, I thank you, and with your Nobleness prevented Danger, their Tongues might utter, we'll all go and eat, Sir.

Val. No, no, I dare not trust my self with Women; go to your Meat

Meat, eat little; take less ease, and tie your Body to a daily Labour, you may live honestly, and so I thank you. *[Exit.]*

Wid. Well, go thy ways; thou art a noble Fellow, and some means I must work to have thee know it. *[Exit]*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Uncle and Merchant.

Unc. **M**OST certain 'tis her Hands that hold him up, and her Sister relieves *Frank*.

Mer. I am glad to hear it: But wherefore do they not pursue this Fortune to some fair end?

Unc. The Women are too crafty, *Valentine* too coy, and *Frank* too bashful; had any wise Man hold of such a Blessing, they would strike it out o'th' flint but they would form it.

Enter Widow and Shorthose.

Mer: The Widow sure, why does she stir so early?

Wid. 'Tis strange, I cannot force him to understand me, and make a Benefit of what I would bring him: Tell my Sister I'll use my Devotions at home this Morning, she may if she please go to Church.

Short. Hey ho.

Wid. And do you wait upon her with a Torch, Sir.

Short. Hey ho.

Wid. You lazy Knave.

Short. Here is such a tinkle tanklings that we can ne'er lie quiet, and sleep our Prayers out. *Ralph*, pray empty my right Shoe that you made your Chamber-pot, and burn a little Rosemary in't, I must wait upon my Lady. This Morning Prayer has brought me into a Consumption, I have nothing left but Flesh and Bones about me.

Wid. You droufie Slave, nothing but Sleep and Swilling?

Short. Had you been bitten with Bandog-fleas, as I have been, and haunted with the Night-Mare.

Wid. With an Ale-pot.

Short. You would have little list to Morning Prayers; pray take my fellow *Ralph*, he has a Psalm Book, I am an ingrum Man.

Wid. Get you ready quickly, and when she is ready, wait upon her handsomely; no more, be gone.

Short. If I do snore my part out——

[Exit Short.]

Unc. Now to our purposes.

Mer. Good Morrow Madam.

Wid. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

Unc. Good Joy and Fortune.

Wid. These are good things, and worth my thanks, I thank you, Sir.

Mer. Much Joy I hope you'll find, we came to gratulate your new knit Marriage-band.

Wid. How?

Unc. He's a Gentleman, although he be my Kinsman, my fair Neice.

Wid. Neice, Sir?

Unc. Yes, Lady, now I may say so, 'tis no shame to you, I say a Gentleman, and winking at some light Fancies, which you most happily may aff'ct him for, as bravely carried, as nobly bred and manag'd.

Wid. What's all this? I understand you not, what Neice, what Marriage-knot?

Unc. I'll tell plainly, you are my Neice, and *Valentine* the Gentleman has made you so by Marriage.

Wid. Marriage?

Unc. Yes Lady, and 'twas a noble and a virtuous Part, To take a sailing Man to your Protection, And buoy him up again to all his Glories.

Wid. The Men are mad.

Mer. What though he wanted these outward things, that fly away like Shadows, was not his Mind a full one, and a brave one? You have Wealth enough to give him gloss and outside, and he Wit enough to give way to love a Lady.

Unc. I ever thought he wou'd do well.

Mer. Nay, I knew, however he wheel'd about like a loose Cabine, he wou'd charge home at length, like a brave Gentleman; Heav'n's Blessing o' your Heart Lady, we are so bound to honour you, in all your Service so devoted to you.

Unc. Do not look so strange, Widow, it must be known, better a general Joy; no stirring here yet, come, come, you cannot hide 'em.

Wid. Pray be not impudent, these are the finest Toys, belike I am married then?

Mer. You are in a miserable Estate in the World's account else, I wou'd not for your Wealth it come to doubting.

Wid. And I am great with Child?

Unc. No, great they say not, but 'tis a full Opinion you are with Child, and great joy among the Gentlemen, your Husband hath bestirred himself fairly.

Mer. Alas, we know his private hours of Entrance, how long, and when he staid, cou'd name the Bed too, where he laid down his first Fruits.

Wid. I shall believe anon.

Unc.

Unc. And we consider for some private Reasons, you wou'd have it private, yet take your own Pleasure; and so good morrow, my best Neice, my sweetest.

Wid. No, no, pray stay.

Unc. I know you wou'd be with him, love him, and love him well.

Mer. You'll find him noble; this may beget ———

Unc. It must needs work upon her.

[*Exe. Uncle and Merchant*]

Wid. These are fine bobs i' faith, married, and with Child too! how long has this been, I trow? They seem grave Fellows, they should not come to flout; married, and bedded; the World takes notice too! Where lies this May-game? I cou'd be vext extreemly now, and rail too, but 'tis to no end; though I itch a little, must I be scratcht I know not how? Who waits there?

Enter Humphry, a Servant.

Humph. Madam.

Wid. Make ready my Coach quickly, and wait you only, and hark you, Sir, be secret and speedy. inquire out where he lies.

Humph. I shall do it, Madam.

Wid. Married and got with Child in a Dream! 'tis fine i' faith; sure he that did this, would do better waking.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Valentine, Francisco, Lance, and a Boy with a Torch.

Val. Hold thy Torch handsomely: How dost thou, *Frank*? *Peter Bassel*, bear up.

Fran. You have fried me soundly, Sack do you call this Drink?

Val. A shrewd Dog, *Frank*, will bite abundantly.

Lance. Now cou'd I fight, and fight with thee.

Val. With me, thou Man of *Memphis*?

Lance. But that thou art my own natural Master, yet my Sac'k says thou art no Man, thou art a Pagan, and pawnest thy Land, which a noble Cause.

Val. No arms, nor arms, good *Lancelor*, dear *Lance*, no fighting here, we will have Lands, Boy, Livings, and Titles, thou shalt be a Vice-roy, hang fighting, hang't, 'tis out of fashion.

Lance. I wou'd fain labour you into your Lands again, go to, it is behoveful.

Fran. Fie, *Lance*, fie.

Lance. I must beat some Body, and why not my Master, before a Stranger? Charity and beating begins at home.

Val. Come, thou shalt beat me.

Lance. I will not be compel'd, and you were two Masters, I scorn the Motion.

Val. Wilt thou sleep?

Lance. I scorn Sleep.

Val. Wilt thou go eat?

Lance.

Lance. I scorn Meat, I come for rompering, I come to wait upon my Charge discreetly; for look you. if you will not take your Mortgage again, here do I lie St. *George*, and so forth.

Val. And here do I, St. *George*, bestride the Dragon, thus with my Lance.

Lance. I sting, I sting with my Tail.

Val. Do you so, do you so, Sir? I shall tail you presently.

Fran. By no means, do not hurt him.

Val. Take this, *Nelson*, and now rise, thou Maiden Knight of *Malligo*, lace on thy Helmet of enchanted Sack, and charge again.

Lance. I'll play no more, you abuse me, will you go?

Fran. I'll bid you good-morrow, Brother, for sleep I cannot, I have a thousand Fancies.

Val. Now thou art arriv'd, go bravely to the matter, and do something of worth, *Frank*.

Lance. You shall hear from us. [Exe. *Lance and Fran.*]

Val. This Rogue, if he had been sober, sure had beaten me, is the most testish Knave.

Enter Uncle, Merchant, and Boy with a Torch.

Unc. 'Tis he.

Mer. Good morrow.

Val. Why, Sir, good morrow to you too, and you be so lusty.

Unc. You have made your Brother a fine Man, we met him.

Val. I made him a fine Gentleman, he was a Fool before, brought up amongst the midst of Small-Beer Brew-houses; what would you have with me?

Mer. I come to tell you, your latest hour is come.

Val. Are you my Sentence?

Mer. The Sentence of your State.

Val. Let it be hang'd then, and let it be hang'd high enough, I may not see it.

Unc. A gracious Resolution.

Val. What would you have else with me, will you go drink, and let the World slide, Uncle? Ha, ha, ha, Boys, drink Sack like Whey, Boys.

Mer. Have you no feeling, Sir?

Val. Come hither, Merchant: Make me a Supper, thou most reverend Land-catcher, a Supper of forty Pounds.

Mer. What then, Sir?

Val. Then bring thy Wife along, and thy fair Sisters, thy Neighbours and their Wives, and all their Trinkets, let me have forty Trumpets, and such Wine, we'll laugh at all the Miseries of Mortgage, and then in state I'll render thee an Answer.

Mer. What say you to this?

Unc. I dare not say, nor think neither.

Mer. Will you redeem your State? speak to the point, Sir.

Val.

Val. Not, not if it were mine Heir in the *Turks Gallies*

Mer. Then I must take an order?

Val. Take a thousand, I will not keep it, nor thou shalt not have it, because thou cam'st i'th' nick, thou shalt not have it, go take Possession, and be sure you hold it, hold fast with both Hands, for there be those Hounds uncoupled, will ring you such a Knell, go down in Glory, and march upon my Land, and cry, All's mine; cry as the Devil did, and be the Devil, mark what an Eccho follows, build fine March-panes, to entertain Sir Silk-worm and his Lady, and pull the Chappel down, and raise a Chamber for Mistress Silver-pin, to lay her Belly in, mark what an Earthquake comes. Then foolish Merchant, my Tenants are no Subjects, they obey nothing, and they are People too never Christen'd; they know no Law nor Conscience, they'll devour thee; and thou Mortal, the Stopple, they'll confound thee within three Days; no Bit nor Memory of what thou wert, no not the Wart upon thy Nose there, shall be e'er heard of more; go take Possession, and bring thy Children down, to rost like Rabbits, they love young Toasts and Butter, *Bow-bell* Suckers; as they love mischief, and hate Law, they are Cannibals; bring down thy Kindred too, that be not fruitful, there be those Mandrakes that will mollifie 'em, go ke Possession. I'll go to my Chamber, afore Boy go. [Exit.

Mer. He's mad sure.

Unc. He's half drunk sure: And yet I like this unwillingness to lose it, this looking back.

Mer. Yes, if he did it handsomely, but he's so harsh and strange.

Unc. Believe it 'tis his Drink, Sir, and I am glad his Drink has thrust it out.

Mer. Cannibals? if ever I come to view his Regiment, if fair Terms may be had

Unc. He tells you true, Sir, they are a Bunch of the most boisterous Rascals disorder ever made, let 'em be mad once, the Pow'r of the whole Country cannot cool 'em; be patient but a while.

Mer. As long as you will, Sir, before I buy a bargain of such Runts, I'll buy a College for Bears, and live among 'em.

Enter Francisco, Lance, and Boy with a Torch.

Fran. How dost thou now?

Lance. Better than I was, and straighter, but my Head's a Hog-shead still, it rowls and tumbles.

Fran. Thou wert cruelly paid.

Lance. I may live to requite it, put a Snaffle of Sack in my Mouth and then ride me very well.

Fran. 'Twas all but Sport, I'll tell thee what I mean now, I mean to see this Wench.

Lance. Where a Devil is she? and there were two 'twere better.

Fran. Dost thou hear the Bell ring?

Lance.

Lance. Yes, yes.

Fran. Then she comes to Pray'rs, early each Morning thither:
Now if I cou'd but meet her, for I am another mettle now.

Enter Isabel, and Shorthose with a Torch.

Lance. What light's yon?

Fran. Ha, 'tis a light, take her by the Hand and court her!

Lance. Take her below the Girdle, you'll never speed else, it comes on this way still; oh that I had but such an Opportunity in a Saw-pit, how it comes on, comes on! 'tis here.

Fran. 'Tis she: Fortune I kiss thy Hand——Good morrow Lady.

Ifab. What voice is that: Sirrah, do you sleep as you go? 'tis he, I am glad on't. Why, *Shorthose*?

Short. Yes, forsooth, I was dreamt, I was going to Church.

Lance. She sees you as plain as I do.

Ifab. Hold the Torch up.

Short. Here's nothing but a Stall, and a Butcher's Dog asleep in't, where did you see the Voice?

Fran. She looks still angry.

Lance. To her, and meet, Sir.

Ifab. Here, here.

Fran. Yes, Lady, never blest your self, I am but a Man, and like an honest Man, now I will thank you——

Ifab. What do you mean, who sent for you, who desir'd you?

Short. Shall I put out the Torch, Forsooth?

Ifab. Can I not go about my private Meditations, Ha, but such Companions as you must ruffle me? you had best go with me, Sir?

Fran. 'Twas my purpose.

Ifab. Why, what an Impudence is this! you had best, being so near the Church, provide a Priest, and perswade me to marry you.

Fran. It was my meaning, and such a Husband, so loving, and so careful, my Youth, and all my Fortunes shall arrive at——
Hark you?

Ifab. 'Tis strange you shou'd be thus unmannerly, turn home again, Sirrah, you had best now force my Man to leady your way.

Lance. Yes marry shall he Lady, forward my Friend.

Ifab. This is a pretty Riot, it may grow to a Rape.

Fran. Do you like that better? I can ravish you an hundred times; and never hurt you.

Short. I see nothing, I am asleep still, when you have done tell me, and then I'll wake, Mistress.

Ifab. Are you in earnest, Sir, do you long to be hang'd?

Fran. Yes, by my troth Lady, in these fair Tresses.

Ifab. Shall I call out for help?

Fran.

Fran. No by no means, that were a weak trick, Lady, I'll kiss and stop your Mouth.

Isab. You'll answer all these?

Fran. A thousand Kisses more.

Isab. I was never abus'd thus, you had best give out too, that you found me willing; and say I doted on you?

Fran. That's known already, and no Man living shall now carry you from me.

Isab. This is fine i' faith.

Fran. It shall be ten times finer.

Isab. Well, seeing you are so valiant, keep your way, I will to Church.

Fran. And I will wait upon you.

Isab. And it is most likely there's a Priest, if you dare venture as you profess, I would wish you look about you, to do these rude Tricks, for you know the Recompences, and trust not to my Mercy.

Fran. But I will, Lady.

Isab. For I'll so handle you.

Fran. That's it I look for.

Lance. Afore, thou Dream.

Short. Have you done?

Isab. Go on, Sir, and follow if you dare.

Fran. If I do not, hang me.

Lance. 'Tis all thine own, Boy, an 'twere a Million, God-a-Mercy Sack, when would small Beer have done this? [Exit.

Knocking within.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Who's that that knocks and bounces, what a Devil ails you, is Hell broke loose, or do you keep an Iron Mill?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. 'Tis a Gentlewoman, Sir, that must needs speak with you.

Val. A Gentlewoman? what Gentlewoman, what have I to do with Gentlewomen?

Ser. She will not be answer'd, Sir.

Val. Fling up the Bed and let her in, I'll try how gentle she is—

[Exit Servant.

Val. This Sack has fill'd my Head so full of Bables, I am almost mad; what Gentlewoman should this be? I hope she has brought me no Butter-Print along with her to lay to my Charge, if she have 'tis all one, I'll forswear it.

Enter Widow and Servant.

Wid. O you're a noble Gallant, send off your Servant pray.

[Exit Servant.

Val. She will not ravish me? by this light she looks as sharp set as a Sparrow-hawk; what wouldst thou, Woman?

Wid. O you have us'd me kindly, and like a Gentleman, this is to trust to you.

Val. Trust to me, for what?

Wid. Because I said in Jest once, you were a handsome Man; one I could like well, and fooling, made you believe I lov'd you, and might be brought to marry.

Val. The Widow is drunk too.

Wid. You out of this, which is a fine Discretion, give out the matters done, you have won and wed me, and that you have put, fairly put for an Heir too, these are fine Rumours to advance my Credit: I th' name of mischief what did you mean?

Val. That you lov'd me, and that you might be brought to marry me? why, what a Devil do you mean, Widow?

Wid. 'Twas a fine trick too, to tell the World though you had enjoy'd your first Wish you wish'd, the Wealth you aim'd at, that I was poor, which is most true, I am, have sold my Lands, because I love not those Vexations, yet for mine Honour's sake, if you must be prating, and for my Credit's sake in the Town.

Val. I tell thee, Widow, I like thee ten times better, now thou hast no Lands, for now thy hopes and cares lye on thy Husband, if e'er thou marry'st more.

Wid. Have you not married me, and for this main cause, now as you report it, to be your Nurse?

Val. My Nurse? why, who am I grown to, give me the Glass, my Nurse?

Wid. You ne'er said truer, I must confess I did a little favour you, and with some labour might have been perswaded; but when I found I must be hourly troubled, with making Broths, and dawbling your Decays with Swadling, and with stitching up your Rumours, for the World's reports.

Val. Do not provoke me!

Wid. And half an Eye may see.

Val. Do not provoke me, the World's a lying World, and thou shalt find it, have a good Heart, and take a strong Faith to thee, and mark what follows, my Nurse, yes, you shall rock me, Widow, I'll keep you waking.

Wid. You are dispos'd, Sir.

Val. Yes marry am I, Widow, and you shall feel it; nay and they touch my freehold, I am a Tiger.

Wid. I think so.

Val. Come.

Wid. Whither?

Val. Any whither.

[Sings.]
The Fir's upon me now, the Fir's upon me now,
Come quickly, gentle Lady, the Fir's upon me now,
The World shall know they're Fools,
And so shalt thou do too,
Let the Cobler maddle with his Tools.
The Fir's upon me now,

Take

Take me quickly, while I am in this vein, away with me, for if I have but two hours to consider, all the Widows in the World cannot recover me.

Wid. If you will go with me, Sir.

Val. Yes, marry will I, but 'tis in anger yet, and I will marry thee, do not cross me, yes, and I will lie with thee, and get a whole bundle of Babies, and I will kiss thee; stand still and kiss me handfomely, but do not provoke me, stir neither Hand nor Foot, for I am dangerous, I drunk Sack Yesternight, do not allure me: Thou art no Widow of this World, come in Pity, and in spite I'll marry thee, not a word more, and I may be brought to love thee. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Merchant, and Uncle, at several Doors.

Mer. Well met again, and what good news yet?

Unc. Faith nothing.

Mer. No Fruits of what we sow'd?

Unc. Nothing I hear of.

Mer. No turning in this tide yet?

Unc. 'Tis all flood, and 'till that fall away, there's no expecting.

Enter Francisco, Isabella, Lance, Shorthose, a Torch.

Mer. Is not this his younger Brother?

Unc. With a Gentlewoman the Widow's Sister, as I live he smiles, he has got a good hold; why well said *Frank* i'faith, let's stay and mark.

Isab. Well, you are the prettiest Youth, and so you have handled me, think you ha'me sure.

Fran. As sure as Wedlock.

Isab. You had best lie with me too.

Fran. Yes, indeed will I, and get such black-ey'd Boys.

Unc. God a mercy, *Frank*.

Isab. This is a merry World, poor simple Gentlewomen that think no harm, cannot walk about their Business, but they must be caught up I know not how.

Fran. I'll tell you, and I'll instruct ye too, have I caught you, Mistress?

Isab. Well, and it were not for pure Pity, I wou'd give you the slip yet; but being as it is.

Fran. It shall be better.

Enter Valentine, Widow, and Ralph, with a Torch.

Isab. My Sister, as I live, your Brother with her! sure, I think you are the King's Takers.

Unc. Now it works.

Val. Nay, you shall know I am a Man.

Wid. I think so.

Val. And such proof you shall have.

Wid. I pray, speak softly.

Val.

Val. I'll speak it out *Widow*, yes, and you shall confess too, I am no Nurse-child, I went for a Man, a good one, if you can beat me out o'th' pit.

Wid. I did but jest with you.

Val. I'll handle you in earnest, and so I handle you: Nay, when my Credit calls.

Wid. Are you mad?

Val. I am mad, I am mad.

Fran. Good morrow, Sir, I like your P^reparation.

Val. Thou hast been at it, *Frank*!

Fran. Yes, faith, 'tis done, Sir.

Val. Along with me then, never hang an Arse, *Widow*.

Isab. 'Tis to no purpose, Sister.

Val. Well said *Black-brows*, advance your Torches Gentlemen.

Unc. Yes, yes, Sir.

Val. And keep your Ranks.

Mer. Lance, carry this before him.

Unc. Carry it in State.

Enter Musicians, Fountain, Hairbrain, Bellamore.

Val. What are you, Musicians? I know you coming, and what are those behind you?

Mus. Gentlemen that sent us to give the Lady a good Morrow.

Val. O I know them, come Boy sing the Song I taught you, And sing it lustily; come forward Gentlemen, you're welcome, Welcome; now we are all Friends, go get the Priest ready. And let him not be long, we have much business.

Come *Frank*, rejoyce with me, thou hast got the start Boy, But I'll so tumble after; come my Friends, lead, Lead cheerfully, and let our Fiddles ring Boys, My Follies and my Fancies have an end here, Display the Mortgage *Lance*, Merchant I'll pay you, And every thing shall be in joynt again.

Unc. Afore, afore.

Val. And now confess and know,
Wit without Money sometimes gives the Blow.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

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